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MARCH 10, 1964

NATIONAL REVIEW

A Journal of Fact and Opinion

The New Hampshire Primary: WHAT DOES IT REALLY MEAN? – SEE PAGE 193

AFRICA

RETURN TO SAVAGERY?

ELSPETH HUXLEY

Also In This Issue:

WM. BUCKLEY ON EISENHOWER VS. McCARTHY ◆ BURNHAM ANALYZES JOHNSON'S FOREIGN POLICY ◆ WILHELM ROEPKE OBJECTS TO THE COMMON MARKET ◆ & W. H. VON DREELE TAKES ON DR. STRANGELOVE

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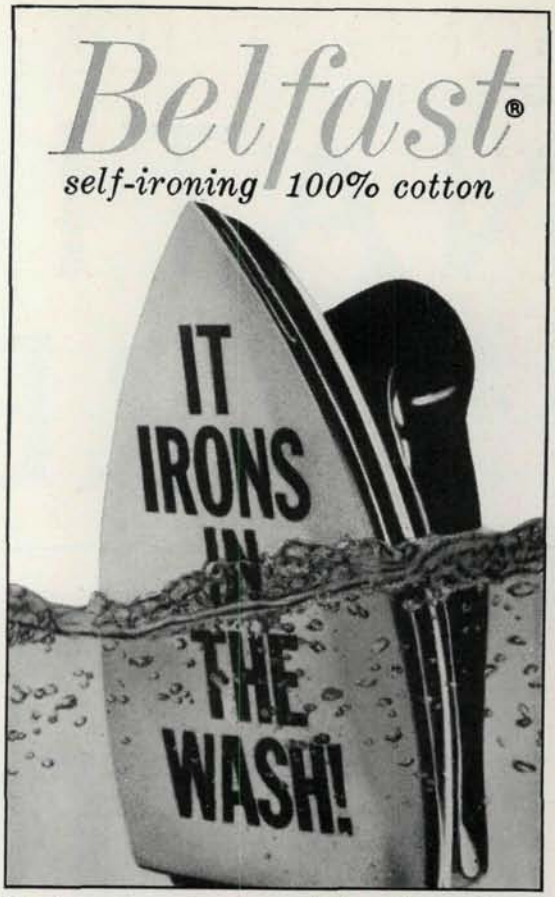

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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In This Issue . . .

➔ we offer a coolly professional tour of the contending forces in the Great 1964 New Hampshire GOP Primary, by **D. Frank O'Neil,** the chief political writer for the *Manchester Union Leader,* and a veteran of almost two decades of political reporting in that state. Despite the clutter in the field, he wouldn't dismiss the results as meaningless; the shootin' match will be decided by the unusually large number of (so far) "undecideds"; and the run of the forecasts is Goldwater #1, Rockefeller #2, by a margin left coyly unspecified. . . . Meanwhile, a world away in miles and political modes, public questions are being scotched if not settled in East Africa, and **Elspeth Huxley** gives us a tour after her own fashion, bright and poignant, of the sights that so allure Chou En-lai: bright because that is the way she is, poignant because this area that hastens to destruction is her birthplace and was once her home. . . . The illustrious Prof. **Wilhelm Roepke,** who has seen much of his early misgiving about the Common Market vindicated in the event, takes stock of yet another battlefield, in which he finds de Gaulle resisting the forces that are driving the U.S. towards a second, and possibly fatal, Yalta. . . . **William Schulz,** skilled reporter and assistant to Fulton Lewis Jr., analyzes the demented HR 3669, a bill that would give Washington the power to control every business except, perhaps, Bobby Baker's.

➔ **Wm. Buckley** welcomes Dwight D. Eisenhower as a political consultant to ABC for the GOP convention coverage with an invitation to establish his credentials, ahead of time, by relieving his recent memoirs of one gross disservice to History. . . . The abdication of responsibility and right reason has its counterpart in the life of intellect, as **Russell Kirk** makes plain in a relentlessly studious criticism of a recent history text by Professors Messrs. Barker, Commager, and Webb.

➔ And presto, the judge is judged: Prof. Kirk's latest book gets a friendly inquisition at the hand of **John Chamberlain,** who wonders how a man who says he's all that Tory can be all that Bohemian. Are Kirk and Meyer in secret sympathy? Can a traditionalist be a revolutionist? . . . **Priscilla Buckley** reviews the glittering anecdotal memoir of Emery Kelen, who, forty years ago, formed a cartoonist league with *NR*'s beloved Derso to sketch the progress of another league, the League of Nations, whose career was shorter if not less stormy. . . . **Robert Schuchman,** barrister, admits the cogency of much of Dr. Thomas Szasz' argument in *Law, Liberty, and Psychiatry,* but offers an alternative correction more in line, he thinks, with Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence. . . . And **William von Dreele,** who can write prose if he just sets his circuits that way, has seen the movie *Dr. Strangelove* (etc.), and comes up with one of the biggest Ifs of the century. . . . And all for 35¢. Read every word, folks! Biggest bargain in town. ➔

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The WEEK

● No longer will Tudor the Valiant, Tudor the Brave, defend the goal of his teammates of the Bucharest football "Rapids." Tudor has been expelled from the team, and from all Rumanian sports, for behavior "unbecoming to a proletarian." He has been convicted both of "monkeyshines" and of "showing off." Wonder what the Rumanians would make of our own Cassius (I'm the King) Marcellus (Who's the Greatest?) Clay?

● In Bal Harbour last week Mr. Edward Ball (management), Mr. George Leighty (labor) and Mr. James J. Reynolds (Dept. of Labor) were in conference. Mr. Ball has been running his railway, the Florida East Coast, for over a year without benefit of Mr. Leighty's unions, and doing so well at it that, but for the attitude of Mr. Reynolds and other government officials like him, he might justly be said to have won the strike. Unfortunately, however, Mr. Ball's successful non-union operation has demonstrated for all to see the waste and redundancy of union work rules. So the government's attitude is clear. Not one word about the more than two hundred acts of violence and sabotage committed in the past year against FEC personnel and property—acts whose perpetrators still remain officially unknown. Instead, Mr. Reynolds will recommend that the FEC's spur down to Cape Kennedy (Canaveral), where construction workers are striking out of deference to Mr. Leighty's pickets, be shut down, and the business transferred elsewhere. Mr. Ball, Mr. Reynolds summed up judiciously, is guilty of "petulant adherence to a philosophy that has no place in this century." Meanwhile the bombings, with only the most up-to-date explosives, continue.

● *A friendly operative at the* New York Times *sent us, in mid-February, an early draft of what he claimed was the editorial scheduled for the morning after the New Hampshire primary. Here it is:* "If any firm conclusions may be drawn from the results of yesterday's voting in New Hampshire, they are these: that the situation was so extraordinarily complicated (six names occurred in the preferential contest, and almost 150 delegates were listed on the ballot) that it would be unjustifiable to extrapolate from the results for the purposes of political prediction; and that our estimate of the political drawing power of Senator Goldwater must be weighed against the severe handicaps borne by many of the other candidates. Ambassador Lodge was at his post of duty in a war-torn area. Governor Rockefeller, quite aside from his personal difficulties, had to wade through a half-dozen competitors for the anti-Goldwater moderate vote. Mr. Nixon refused to campaign and was not listed on the ballot. It would be, we repeat, unwise to extrapolate for the nation as a whole; but it is safe to say that Goldwater's winning a sizable number of the delegates while failing to win a clear majority in the all-important preference poll constitutes a sharp rejection of his unrealistic and slipshod ideas, and a strong indication that the bulk of the Republican Party does not share them. The problem now, in the light of their first primary, is for the moderate and responsible Republican majority to unite on one candidate—the name of Governor William Scranton is increasingly mentioned—through whom the anti-Goldwater consensus can express itself in the July convention."

● If you don't like the way the Democrats run their campaign this year, you can blame either Kenyon & Eckhardt, Inc., or Doyle Dane Bernbach, Inc., depending on which one the Democratic National Committee chooses for its $3 million advertising account. Norman, Craig & Kummel, Inc., did the bit for Adlai in 1956, and Guild, Bascom & Bonfigli, Inc. in 1960. The Republican National Committee has transferred its account from New York's BBDO (Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborne, Inc.) to the Leo Burnett Company, an old established Midwestern house that talks standard American just as good as Barry Goldwater, who, let it be added, has signed up Fuller & Smith & Ross, Inc. For similar purposes Lyndon Johnson is expected to retain the services of the Federal Government.

● The Federal Trade Commission says it has jurisdiction over business transactions involving a product produced and sold within one state, if the producer engages in interstate commerce with other items. Name one producer that doesn't fit the definition.

● First day: Warner Loftus is an $800-a-month field agent for Nelson (Chase Manhattan) Rockefeller in California. Second day: Warner Loftus is in jail, charged with complicity in a dozen bank robberies. Third day: Warner Loftus is still in jail, but no longer connected with the Rockefeller campaign. When asked why he picked the Rockefeller crowd for his political foray, this alleged pupil of Willie Sutton's is said to have replied: "Because that's where the money is."

● An astute Latin American now living in Spain has this to say on the European, and more particularly, the Spanish view of Johnsonian foreign policy:

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"Spaniards, who considered Kennedy a nice young man with little head, look upon Mr. Johnson as a bumptious politico with blue jeans and sidearms . . . the latter for decorative purposes only. If Kennedy bumbled his way amidst an incomprehensible world and its problems, Mr. Johnson seems to have forgotten completely about the existence of anything outside of Washington and the coming elections. . . . The sale of a few buses and some road-building materials by England to Castro, the sale of French trucks to Red Cuba, are not to be termed serious in the matter of goods sold, but in the *manner* in which the merchandise was offered. All of these transactions are on a long-term credit basis for the first time. . . . Indeed the French Government has guaranteed the suppliers of French goods to Cuba with 90 per cent payment in case of trouble. Such a guarantee implies that businessmen in those countries, and their own governments, are convinced that the Soviet hold on Cuba is permanent; that the United States cannot, or will not, endeavor to dislodge the Communists from their hemispheric bridgehead. . . . The Spanish press itself barely conceals its enormous amusement at the American position in Panama and in Cuba. It is not a matter of contempt for U.S. foreign policy—it doesn't reach that—it could be better described as tolerant jibes at what is considered a suicidal path in foreign affairs, the actions of a bumbling, well-intentioned, but rather stupid and overgrown child."

● Do you recall being assured by some Big Harrumph in the Potht Offith Department that, since the birth of the Zip Code, mail service had improved? Well (we remember thinking then), anything to hack away at the Pothtal Thervith's enormous annual deficit—we cooperated. Now the Potht Offith admits it was telling a fib; the Zip Code hasn't yet been in use, and won't be for another two years; they just wanted to get us uthed to it. But what happens if, in two years, we all have our new front teeth?

● On July 1, 1958 Leonard W. Hall, a candidate for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in New York, who had issued a challenge to public debate to a rival Republican candidate, received the following wire: "Thank you for your telegram. While I agree wholeheartedly with the objectives which you state at the end of your wire, in all honesty I cannot believe that a series of debates between Republican candidates is the best way to strengthen the Republican Party. We are and must remain a united party. The famous Lincoln-Douglas debates to which you refer were, of course, between a Republican and a Democrat. My belief is that all of us should concentrate our campaign on the issues presented by the failure of the leadership of the State Democratic administration." /s/ Nelson Rockefeller.

Uhuru

We are beginning to catch up with Africa. Resolved that we shall not lag behind Jomo Kenyatta, Kwame Nkrumah and the late Patrice Lumumba, the Supreme Court on February 18 brought our shabby old Constitution up to date by adding the fashionable new clause: "one man, one vote." Soon, if we're lucky, the modernization job will be completed, and we can all relax under the political guidance of Osagyefo Warren.

Several citizens resident in Georgia's Fifth Congressional District had brought suit in the lower federal court, alleging their constitutional rights to be infringed by the fact that their district contained three times the population of Georgia's Ninth. They argued that a Fifth District voter had in substance only one-third the vote of a Ninth District voter, in choosing his U.S. congressman. The district court, granting the arithmetic, nevertheless dismissed the complaint as a "political" issue and therefore not "justiciable": that is, as none of the court's business. But in the eyes of the Warren Court, all matters on earth as in heaven (*vide* the prayer decision) are its business. The Court accepted jurisdiction, reversed the finding, and, in a 6-3 decision, declared the general proposition that "as nearly as is practicable one man's vote in a congressional election is to be worth as much as another's." How nearly is "practicable" the Court did not go on to mention, but commentators pointed out that the Georgia disparity is by no means the maximum. A permissible variation of 20 per cent would still leave twenty-eight of the fifty states illegally represented in Congress this very minute.

1) If we accept the abstract logic of total democracy, the decision is demonstrably correct. Not only are unequal congressional districts improper by that standard: our entire social and governmental structure is a crime and a scandal: think of those senators, two from Alaska with its 230,000 people, two from Illinois with ten million, two from California with sixteen million; think of that Electoral College, where the bloc-voting system can disfranchise half-but-one of those sixteen million Californians while Alaska's quarter of a million get three votes for the chief magistrate. On the logic of this decision, the traditional structure of American society must be wiped out. And so it may be.

2) As Justice John Marshall Harlan showed in his calm and devastating dissent, the historical reminiscences, like the constitutional analysis, in Justice Hugo L. Black's opinion for the majority, are at his usual norm of speciousness. Justice Black and several of his colleagues have extended the older dictum—"The law is what the Court says it is"—by the corollary: "History is what the Court says it is."

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Every qualified scholar knows that no one at the Constitutional Convention put forward the principle of "one man, one vote." Justice Black appealed to Article I, Section 2: "The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several states." Everyone knows, or knew until February 18, that this clause and "the Great Compromise" that led to it, had reference only to the allocation of legislative representatives among the several states (equally in the Senate, by population in the House).

3) The written Constitution and the American tradition are unambiguous about the electoral arrangements. These are up to the states, subject to review and judgment by Congress. (Article I, Sections 4 and 5.)

4) Thus the Court once more assaulted a constitutional principle far more fundamental for free government than the details of legislative districting: the principle of the separation and balancing of powers. The Court asserts the right to alter the forms of our society in accordance with its view of what is best: a strange claim for an appointive bench in a decision allegedly based on pure democracy.

5) Assume the inequalities to be wrong and unwise —and, granted the continuing presence of the co-equal Senate, there is a good deal to be said for a chamber based more nearly on mathematical democracy than the present districting provides—the Court's arrogation remains rash and dangerous. No despotism is less humane than judicial despotism. Practices and institutions that seem anomalous in the light of judicial principle often have their sufficient explanation in day-by-day practical experience; and sudden reversal by arbitrary decree is the most damaging way to bring about social change. These are, indeed, the reasons why tradition holds that judges should avoid "political questions."

6) And finally, the practical effect of the edict: The redrawing of district lines under its aegis will of course reduce representation from rural and small-town areas, which are mathematically favored at present. A generation ago this would inevitably have meant in the North a turn to the big-city Left and an advantage to the Democratic Party; and in the South, a weakening of the one-party Democratic control, resting on rural voters especially. That may still be the Southern effect. But in the North it may be, ironically, a conservative shift and a Republican gain. In the past fifteen years the city populations have been declining, and it is the spreading suburbs, with their home-owning residents, who are today in the most patently under-represented districts. Bruce Alger, a Republican and conservative stalwart, is presently the representative of Texas' Fifth District, the County of Dallas: with 1,106,363 souls, against 219,637 in the Democratic Fourth District adjoining. It will be rather fun if one effect of the Court's ruling is to give Dallas County two or three additional conservative Republicans, and take away from the surrounding Texas ranch lands a batch of Johnson-Yarborough Democrats.

WE'LL MAKE PUBLIC ALL THE DETAILS OF THE ASSASSINATION BUT IT MAY NOT BE IN YOUR LIFETIME.
—EARL WARREN
WARREN COMMISSION
SINCE NOVEMBER 1963

"You're confused. 'All deliberate speed' dealt with another matter entirely!"

Friends of Lee Oswald, Inc.

In the first days and weeks after the assassination of President Kennedy, the harsh implication of Lee Harvey Oswald's professed Marxism overwhelmed the Communist forces and their camp followers in this country, and sent them scurrying in panic and disorderly rout. For example, *People's World*, a Communist organ, managed in its extremity to fire in all directions (Nov. 30): "Whatever the facts of this crime turn out to be . . . Dallas is a city where the ultra-Right has made the extra-legal edge of violence a way of political life. . . . No point is served by speculation in the arena of guilt. . . . There has been an effort to involve the bona-fide Left in this criminal act. . . . 'None of us can escape a share of the fault.'"

Since that time, however, the Left has regrouped with military precision and is conducting, in a flawless application of the big-lie technique, a war of attrition on the truth. Their first objective, of course, was to spread doubts. Consider these headlines from the *Worker*: "[Dec. 1] Dallas 'Evidence' More Suspicious from Day to Day; [Dec. 10] Report FBI Tried to Recruit Oswald for Undercover Work; [Jan. 5] Birchites not Sorry, Turn Fire on Johnson; [Feb.

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Focus on NOV. 3

◆ Pennsylvania's Gov. William Scranton showing his fangs? Allegheny County (Pittsburgh) GOP leaders handed a whopping vote of confidence to County Chairman (and pro-Goldwater) Paul Hugus, and then, despite Scranton's announced wish to lead an unpledged delegation, elected five pro-Goldwater delegates. Throughout the state, indeed, Goldwater delegates are entering their names. It could be annoying to a favorite son. Scranton's machine has started handing out pink slips to state employees who are too pro-Goldwater, and has threatened to fire others whose spouses are working for Goldwater. But Goldwater, turning his party-unity cheek, on Feb. 25 made what was close to a public bid to Scranton to be his Vice Presidential candidate.

◆ Chicago, Feb. 16. Sen. Goldwater met with 100 key state leaders and top national officers of his campaign staff to discuss the work done and being planned; tallied up 400 sure delegates and 125 "probables"; mentioned that no candidate in recent decades had had such widespread support so early in the game; and said his greatest problem was among his own supporters who allowed themselves to be influenced by the distorted reporting and gloomy forecasts they see in the newspapers, especially in the Northeast.

◆ New York's delegation won't all be found in Rockefeller's wallet. Goldwater forces have opened a campaign for pro-Goldwater delegates in several key districts, and there are indications that the Rockefeller command is trying to save face. State GOP chairman Fred Young has announced that GOP candidates would welcome Conservative Party endorsement; and the Rockefeller machine is quietly encouraging the idea of naming "moderate" conservatives as delegates to the Republican Convention.

◆ Goldwater Campaign Headquarters has prepared a series of short, factual, succinct statements of the Senator's position on Cuba, Social Security, UN and other major questions, for use by delegates, candidates, campaign workers—and, one hopes, newspaper editors.

◆ Richard Nixon's political compass has veered right for the moment, and he is pressing his candidacy on the two issues of our foreign collapse and the domestic danger from "Negro extremists." Nixon has always had a good idea where the votes are. If he hasn't lost his touch, it's significant that he chooses to sound like an uncompromising conservative. In effect he is repudiating the idea that a me-too candidate can win.

◆ Organizational: Mississippi GOP state chairman Wirt Yerger Jr. has been named state chairman of the Goldwater campaign. A past president of the Oregon Federation of Republican Women, Mrs. Harry Pallady, has been named co-chairman of the Goldwater Committee in Oregon. Tennessee Goldwater for President Committee will be headed by Sam V. Claiborne, a member of the Tennessee legislature, and chairman of the House Republican Policy Committee in the Tennessee legislature. The immediate past president of the Texas Federation of Republican Women, Mrs. J. C. Man, has been named co-director for the Southern Region in the Goldwater campaign (Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina, Tennessee, Texas, Virginia). In New York the upstate Goldwater chairman will be Elmer Weil, who was for twelve years the Erie County Attorney; and the downstate chairman will be Vincent Leibell Jr., also a lawyer, and his area's chairman of the Eisenhower-Nixon committee in 1956. A bit of very prestigious support arrived when Edwin Neilan, head of the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, reversed his early plus judgment of President Johnson and announced he was for Goldwater. Looking over the Goldwater campaign, *Washington Star* reporter David Broder wrote: "Its great superiority over its rival is at the grassroots level. There are functioning Goldwater committees in over 40 states now. The Rockefeller campaign is currently confined to about one-fifth that number."

◆ Tidbits: Sen. Kuchel, chief of Rockefeller's California operation, trying to steal the delegation for himself. *Christian Science Monitor* says Goldwater outdid Rockefeller in Oregon. Oklahoma's 4th Congressional District became the first in the nation to elect a Goldwater-pledged delegate: at Shawnee, Feb. 15.

16] Helping the Ultras Get Away from Blame."

The campaign now has entered into a second stage. Non-Communists, assorted radicals and dupes, are getting a piece of the action—in fact, the thrust of this stage is being provided by a "defense brief for Oswald" prepared by a New York City Reform Democrat, attorney Mark Lane (a pacifist and frequent "civil rights" lawyer). The leftist rhetoric is no longer unsteady, but brazen: "Only the Birchites take seriously the fake 'Marxism' label that has been pinned on [Oswald]," was the *Worker*'s recent taunt. And one may expect, very soon, the formation of a "Committee for the Defense of Lee Harvey Oswald" —or some such name—reminiscent of a hundred earlier Communist fronts, such as the National Committee to Secure Justice in the (convicted atom spies Julius and Ethel) Rosenberg Case. As always, the object of the campaign remains to clear Marxism and Communism—not necessarily Lee Oswald—of any culpability, in the public mind, for the assassination; and, in a later phase, to implicate the Right.

Mark Lane's "defense brief," consisting of plausible doubts and contradictory newspaper reports about the evidence against Oswald prepared by Dallas Dis-

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trict Attorney Henry Wade, was first published in the Communist-lining *National Guardian*. On February 18 the *National Guardian* sponsored a meeting at New York's Town Hall, where a capacity crowd of 1,500 heard him speak along with Mrs. Marguerite Oswald (Lee's mother), Professor David Haber of Rutgers, and two authors of a *New Republic* article on the case, "Seeds of Doubt." Lane has since been presenting his case across the country in a lecture series sponsored by the *Guardian*, and has also been retained by Mrs. Oswald to represent her son (although Lane was not permitted to act as Mrs. Oswald's counsel before the Warren Commission).

The evidence that Oswald had a Communist and Soviet background and was the man who killed John F. Kennedy seems crushing now, but the Left has overcome other dialectical reversals by waging long wars of attrition and agitation. Will today's preposterous lie become tomorrow's accepted version?

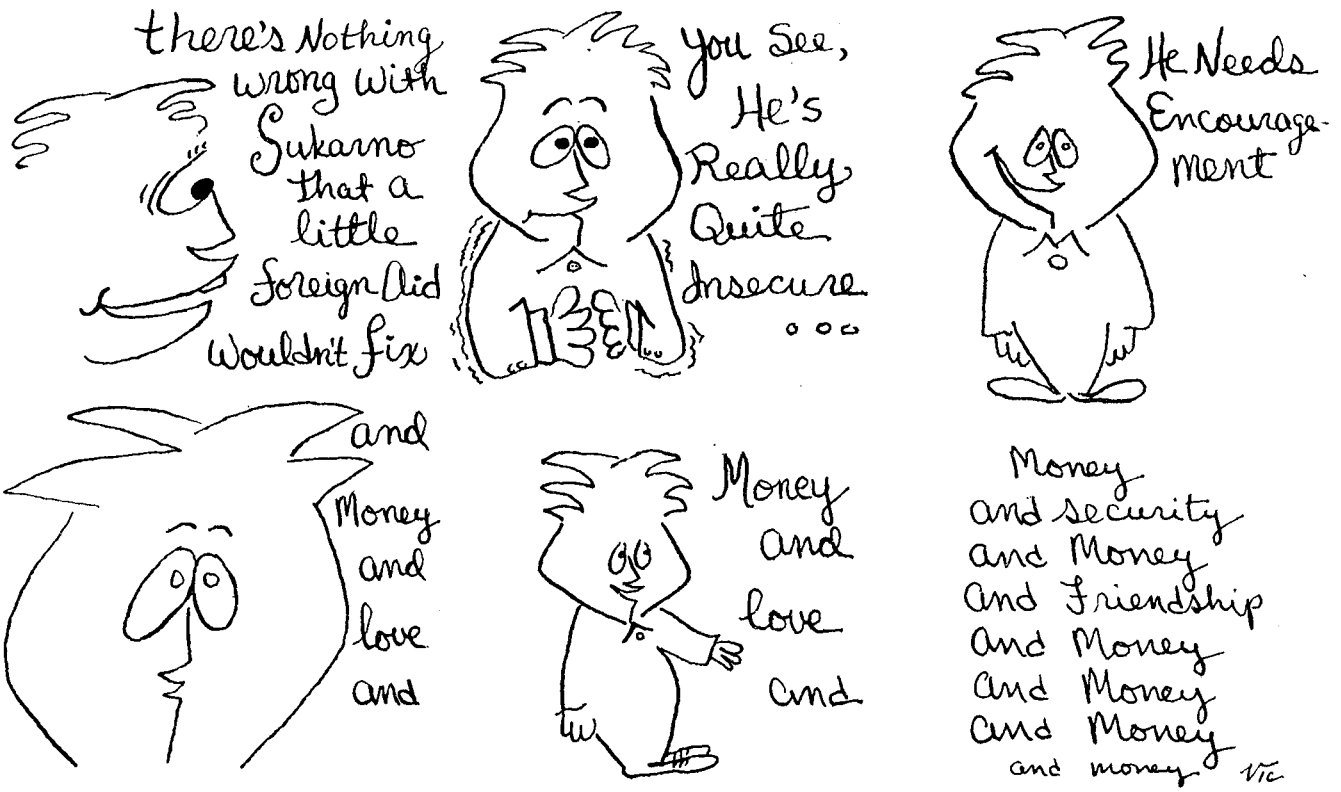
CIA-Baiting

The hounding of CIA seems to be replacing the HUAC hunts this season; and enlists, one notices, a good many of the same enthusiastic sportsmen, reading from far Left to Left-Center. At the moment Representative John Lindsay, silk-stockinged aspirant to Senator Jacob Javits' post as commander of the Republican Left, is leading the pack. In a particularly vicious article in the March *Esquire*, supplemented by tied-in TV appearances, Mr. Lindsay summons Congress to appoint a joint watchdog committee to "check on the activities" of CIA, to which purpose he has added his own to eighteen other bipartisan resolutions, already introduced, that make the same proposal.

In support of his public case, Mr. Lindsay offers three public arguments: CIA has meddled in the making of policy, the preserve of the State Department—which needs no check in Mr. Lindsay's book; it has bungled operations (Bay of Pigs, U-2, doing-in of Diem and what's-his-name, in that order of rhetorical firepower); its secret activities are incompatible with our system of government.

Even taken at face value, the case is weak. CIA has done pathetically little meddling on its own inspiration, even where meddling was desperately called for in the face of policy vacuums. In the U-2 affair, a supposedly notorious example, both President Eisenhower and Chairman Cannon of the House Appropriations Committee were brought to admit that Francis Powers' overflights were carried out with their full knowledge and explicit authorization. Besides the President and the National Security Council, it might be added, four congressional subcommittees are already charged with continuing surveillance of CIA, with prevention of unauthorized meddling prominent among their duties.

Like other agencies, CIA does indeed have too many failures on its record, though a good many of those charged to CIA's account are instances where CIA has been made to serve as fall guy for mistakes made by the White House or the State Department.


there's Nothing wrong With Sukarno that a little foreign Aid Wouldn't fix
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Its successes, moreover, should not be left out of the account: in the day-by-day gathering and analysis of intelligence data, in conspicuous actions such as the unseating of the Mossadegh regime in Iran or the Arbenz Communist regime in Guatemala, and in a good many other actions that must remain unsung. In any case, there are few eyes beamless enough to permit much comment on CIA's motes.

As for the third charge—that secret organizations are hard to reconcile with free, republican government—there is no easy answer. Senator Thomas Dodd has come forward with a stalwart defense of CIA operations in recent years—stressing, from his personal knowledge, the abilities and excellent conduct of John Richardson, CIA chief in South Vietnam until last October, who was exposed and knifed by Ambassador Lodge and the get-Diem clique in the State Department. Mr. Dodd reminds us that "we cannot compete with Communism if we confine ourselves to orthodox diplomacy and orthodox intelligence collection." Clandestine and irregular methods are necessary to meet the challenge of an enemy whose primary methods are clandestine, subversive and conspiratorial. Congress must adjust its normal prerogatives; "the members of Congress are all trustworthy, but a secret ceases to be a secret when it is shared by five hundred people."

Senator Dodd realizes, in defending CIA, that the real basis for the massive current campaign against that agency is not the arguments publicly offered and not its actual and rather numerous defects. What the CIA-baiters cannot abide is the fact that, with all its defects, there are probably more men and women with a genuine anti-Communist commitment in CIA than in any other agency of our government.

Vietnamese Schizophrenia

General Paul Harkins, military commander for the South Vietnamese theater, transferred to pasture; John Richardson, CIA chief, pulled back into the CIA underground; Roger Hilsman, Assistant Secretary of State for Far Eastern Affairs and thus in political charge of Southeast Asia, headed out of Washington for the academy. The scapegoats are being paraded, classic sign of the attempt to obscure the visage of a political debacle. How much longer can the faltering Henry Cabot Lodge be allowed to wear his ambassadorial robes?

General de Gaulle, the successive coups, the victories of the Vietcong and the political campaign of the Communist-controlled National Liberation Front have combined to bring to world attention what has been from the beginning the truth about the struggle in South Vietnam: that the war against the Communists in South Vietnam can be lost but not won in South Vietnam; that the war can be won only if anti-Communist operations are extended—to North Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia and perhaps even southern China. While the Vietcong gets its continuous aliment of weapons, men, guidance and political support from the outside, no possible inside successes can bring an end.

The dilemma becomes irrepressible: accept defeat and withdraw, or expand the war. In San Francisco on February 21, the President gave it public if ambiguous recognition: those giving supplies and "external direction" to the Vietcong, he declared, are playing a "deeply dangerous game." Suddenly the leading newspapers were full of commentaries stating that the choice must be made. Secretary McNamara announces still another trip to Saigon. And Moscow and Peking, who know a thing or two about psychological warfare, reply to the President's psychological thrust with blunt—and identical—counter-threats of their own: the Soviet people will give "the necessary assistance and support" to South Vietnam's "national liberation struggle," promised Moscow, demanding a withdrawal of all American troops and equipment, and an end to American "interference." From Pakistan, where he was visiting, Communist premier Chou En-lai echoed the words of the Soviet Government which our Kremlinologists tell us his government is battling to the death: U.S. "armed intervention" must cease; "U.S. forces of aggression and U.S. military personnel must get out."

The President's choice is cruel, for there are fearful difficulties, costs and dangers along either horn of the dilemma: either in withdrawal or in the war's enlargement. It is perhaps fortunate, this being an election year, that he will not be able to get clear guidance from domestic considerations, even if he, as so completely a political being, might most naturally let them dictate his decision. The truth is that either course would most certainly be unpopular: the shame of retreat, or the blood and treasure and risk of bigger war. It seems probable, therefore, and in accord with his normal methods, that Mr. Johnson will endeavor to postpone his decision and to blunt, or seem to blunt, its sharpness, at least until after the election. But it is not clear how long postponement will be possible.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

WHAT WE DON'T KNOW ABOUT LATIN AMERICA
by Tiresias

SPRING BOOKS
Eight Big Pages of Comments & Reviews

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Here – in James Burnham's own words – are 10 reasons why "Suicide of the West" is a great new book you will want to own*

***You can get it now and save $3.00. Take advantage of this special pre-publication savings offer today.**

In April, this big (320-page) book will begin selling everywhere for $5.95. But you can get James Burnham's "Suicide of the West" now for *less than half price,* simply by entering your subscription (new or renewal) to *National Review.* Use the card facing this page: it entitles you to buy this book for just $2.95 — you save a full $3.00.

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READ these ten direct quotations from "Suicide of the West." They will show you why no conservative should miss this startling book — and why no liberal can *ignore* it:

1 Liberalism is not equipped to meet and overcome the actual challenges confronting Western civilization in our time.

2 Liberalism has been and continues to be primarily negative in its impact on society.

3 Liberalism's inaptitude for power bears directly on the crucial fact: that the issue before Western civilization today is survival.

4 The liberals have no replacement for the structure they have so enthusiastically helped to tear down.

5 The liberal ideology has by now got so far out of touch with fact that through its lens it has become impossible to see reality, much less to act positively on reality.

6 The liberal's arm cannot strike with consistent firmness against communism . . . because the liberal dimly feels that in doing so he would be somehow wounding himself.

7 Because the communists are serious, they will have to be stopped not by getting educated by liberals . . . but by superior power and will. Just possibly we shall not have to die in large numbers to stop them; but we shall certainly have to be willing to die. But modern liberalism does not offer ordinary men compelling motives for personal suffering, sacrifice and death. There is no tragic dimension in its picture of the good life.

8 The drift of United States foreign policy, carrying the West with it, is toward continuing disintegration and eventual defeat, or more exactly dissolution. A conclusive demonstration is simple: if the United States has had such trouble handling a small island at its threshold, how can it handle the explosive Third World and the resolute communist empire?

9 Thus, in relation to the struggle against the communist enterprise, the principles of modern liberalism point inexorably toward the conclusion that has been brought to the surface by the younger people in the pacifist and disarmament movements: *Better Red than Dead!* Once again it is a cliche that goes to the heart of the matter. Unless the members of Western civilization, above all the members of its governing and intellectual elites, are convinced inwardly and absolutely, of the exact opposite —*Better Dead than Red!*—then their children are most certainly going to be Red, those of them who are not first dead too, for good measure.

10 But of course the final collapse of the West is not yet inevitable; the report of its death would be premature. If a decisive change comes, if the contraction of the past fifty years should cease and be reversed, then the ideology of liberalism, deprived of its primary function, will fade away, like those feverish dreams of the ill man who, passing the crises of his disease, finds he is not dying after all. There are a few small signs, here and there, that liberalism may already have started fading. Perhaps this book is one of them.

About the author...

This is the third of James Burnham's seminal books on the nature and meaning of the modern era. Some 25 years ago, in **The Managerial Revolution,** he first described the **real** social revolution of our time. Just after World War II, his **Struggle for the World** first identified the Cold War. Now—with even greater impact—**Suicide of the West** shows why Liberalism is the ideology of Western defeat and disintigration.

James Burnham's books are world-famous, and have been translated into all major languages (clandestine editions have been circulated in Russian, Chinese, Polish, etc.). He has lectured frequently at the National War College, and at numerous colleges.

A senior editor of **National Review** since 1955, Burnham has for many years done special historical and field research in Soviet and world communist operations.

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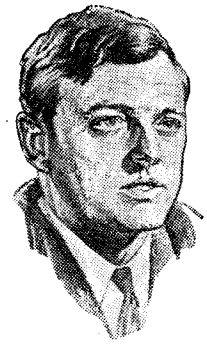
For the Record

WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

ON THE RIGHT

Americans have been informed by full-page advertisements in the daily press that "beginning July 13, 1964, Dwight D. Eisenhower will honor the American Broadcasting Company and inform the American people" by serving "as political consultant for ABC News" at the Republican convention. He will, ABC promises, "give the country the benefit of his unique experience and knowledge." There is no question of the uniqueness of General Eisenhower's experience and knowledge, nor of the fact that the country would much benefit if he could and would communicate them freely. There is one small matter, though, the unique knowledge of which I fear I share with him. My conscience stirs, and so I write to say I hope General Eisenhower, before plunging all the way into this heady new traffic with national and cosmic affairs, will help me set the record straight.



Buckley

I speak about his memoirs, *Mandate for Change*. On p. 319, in a chapter devoted largely to the evils of Senator McCarthy, he points out that the Senator "depended upon consistent attack" for its "publicity value," and gives as an instance that "in a letter to me [Senator McCarthy] made wild charges against James Bryant Conant, president of Harvard University, when I nominated that distinguished educator as United States High Commissioner to the Federal Republic of Germany."

Now the facts are as follows: Early in 1953, McCarthy set out to prepare a speech giving the reasons why he thought Dr. Conant should not be sent to Germany as our High Commissioner. He asked me to write that speech, which I did, after agreement had been reached on what it should say. Three points were made. None of them remotely insinuated that Dr. Conant might be disloyal. None of them was in any way "wild." Dr. Conant, the proposed speech said, was a poor choice to send to Germany because a) he was one of the earliest endorsers of the Morgenthau Plan idea for Germany; because b) he did not, as witness his then recent call for the abolition of private schools, and certain other cited articles and speeches, truly understand American life, and so was not in a good position to be our representative to a renascent Germany searching for free ideals; and because c) in the field of security, an important responsibility of a High Commissioner, he was naive, as witness his then recent statement about the presumptive immunity of Harvard from penetration by even a single Communist. (It is inconceivable, he had told a congressional committee, that any member of the Harvard faculty was a Communist. To which the obvious reply, of course, was that it was inconceivable that the Communist Party, over the years, should think of Harvard as too unimportant a place to try to penetrate.)

What then happened was that Senator Taft, having got wind of the speech, asked Senator McCarthy not to deliver it, on the grounds that while it could not hope to prevent the Senate from ratifying Dr. Conant, such was President Eisenhower's power, it would certainly alert the German community to Conant's forgotten advocacy of the Morgenthau Plan, and also to other matters, and so limit his potential usefulness in Bonn once he got there. Senator McCarthy yielded to Senator Taft's request, and sent the speech, instead, in the form of a private letter to President Eisenhower.

He got back from the President a most cordial note, thanking him for taking the course he took and, as I remember, acknowledging the seriousness of the points he raised, while reaffirming his own conviction that Dr. Conant was even so the best man to go to Bonn.

I say "as I remember" because Senator McCarthy sent me the original of President Eisenhower's letter, as a courtesy, to explain what had been the road the speech I prepared had finally traveled; and I tucked it away somewhere. Damned if I can find it. I called the former Mrs. McCarthy, thinking perhaps I might have returned it to the Senator. She has searched his files, but could not find any trace of it. But it exists, somewhere.

And General Eisenhower has the only duplicate of it. The statement in his book about the nature of McCarthy's objections to Conant suggests either that his memory is perilously bad; of that his researchers are incompetent; or that the General permitted himself, for what historians are wont to explain away as "reasons of state," to indulge in diplomatic hypocrisy when he wrote of Senator McCarthy as he did. I dismiss, as wild, the only other explanation, namely, that General Eisenhower has consciously misrepresented both Senator McCarthy's letter, and his own written reaction to it at the time.

Just possibly the General will want to clear the matter up, in fairness to a dead man, by releasing a copy of his letter to Senator McCarthy. I suppose I should add that I have given him the opportunity to do so, having written him on January 9 enclosing a statement of the facts as herein rendered, and asking if I might see a copy of his letter to McCarthy. He has not answered, and in so doing has exercised his privilege if not his responsibility; and here I have exercised my privilege and, I hope, my responsibility.

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From WASHINGTON Straight

Knuckle Down, LBJ

► Reports that the Administration has made a deal on civil rights are premature. LBJ has offered the South nothing. Debate on the civil rights bill, barring cloture or easy compromise, will continue for several months. The anti-bill forces, eighteen Southern Democrats and Republican John Tower of Texas, will operate as they did in 1960. Three squads of six men each will be responsible for sustaining debate. Even should Administration leaders go into around-the-clock sessions, that is, extend indefinitely the legislative day, each Southerner would speak for only four hours every third day.

For this reason, and in view of the precarious health of several key Administration senators on both sides of the aisle, around-the-clock sessions are not expected. Rather, after routine morning-hour business, the debate will be on the high level of constitutional exegesis which distinguished the House debate. The Southerners will not debate the preliminary motion to take up the bill, but will proceed immediately to a careful consideration of the bill itself, title by title, point by point, in an "educational campaign." Sen. Richard Russell will handle procedural issues and direct over-all strategy.

Cloture, shutting off debate by the vote of 67 senators, seems unlikely. United Auto Worker field agents claim 54 sure votes for cloture. Most observers do not dispute this figure, but doubt that thirteen additional votes can be obtained. The UAW, incidentally, has placed twenty senators on a '64 blacklist because of their "wrong" stand on this issue.

The forecast, therefore, is for a compromise bill, possibly early, probably sometime in May. LBJ, in the first flush of office, permitted a House Judiciary subcommittee egged on by Negro groups to "overwrite" the House version, undoubtedly assuming it would be hammered into reasonable shape by the Senate. The result is that the so-called FEPC, one of the titles most objectionable to constitutionalists, differs radically from the mild provision of the Kennedy bill of last year. The public accommodations section and the authorization of discretionary power to cut federal funds to localities also have been tightened.

LBJ cannot appear to compromise. He gave his word, and the civil rights groups are holding him to it. And they are too sharp, too tough, too fired up by success to accept a non-bill through amendment emasculation. As in the House, they will stack the galleries, run all-night messenger services, and post runners outside Senate offices to summon "right" votes to the floor when needed.

In the messy fight ahead, LBJ must, and will appear to be wearing down the forces of reaction, the opponents of his bill. But he will be more concerned with wearing down his own zealous supporters, drawing out the inevitable compromise until the cost in time and energy will have eroded the will of those who now stand firmly behind every word in the present bill. LBJ doesn't want to run for President on this bill! It would revivify Goldwater's Southern strategy and drive Northern moderates into disaffection. The White House is quietly informing interested parties that they can expect lax enforcement of the Civil Rights Act of 1963—at least until next November.

Free Cuba

► The Citizens Committee for a Free Cuba, which recently scooped the State Department by interviewing a crewmember of one of the errant fishing boats, has confirmed the military buildup in Red Cuba. The Committee maintains extensive contacts both with the myriad exile groups and the active Cuban underground. From the head seamstress at the San Ambrosio military installation comes this report: "Just two months before I left [December 1963], the Cuban General Staff issued an urgent order for us to manufacture 1,000 Cuban uniforms daily. All were size 46, much too large for Cubans, and the order stated openly that they were for Russians, 'who are awaiting their delivery.' The uniforms are olive green in color and identical to those worn by the Cuban armed forces." The last point is significant. Until recently, Russian military personnel could be easily identified by their distinctive checked shirts.

British Buses

► The Committee has also documented the grave damage to resistance morale by the sale of British Leyland buses to the Castro regime. Cuban bus drivers, formerly owner-operators of modern General Motors buses, have been unhappy driving Czech-made buses with manual transmission and no air-conditioning, or Soviet military trucks with makeshift benches. The bus drivers have become one of the most intransigent anti-regime elements in Castroland. British buses, better adapted to the Cuban terrain and climate, will do much to ease the critical situation obtaining in public transportation, which Castro attributes to underground sabotage.

Getting the Word

► Anti-American propagandists behind the Iron Curtain haven't gotten the message on coexistence. Recent scanning of their radio and press reports indicates that Americans, who read only pornography, sell their illegitimate children openly on the market and that the labor of these unfortunates forms the base of American industrial might. The American Negro, say these propagandists, is ineligible for Social Security and forbidden by law to shake hands with a white man. The U. S. Government maintains eight regional concentration camps where recalcitrant intellectuals and labor unionists are imprisoned. All in all the pressures generated in this bourgeois society are such that 19 million Americans suffer severe mental illness.

CATO

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The Third World War

Does Johnson Have a Foreign Policy?

JAMES BURNHAM

Commentators both here and abroad —friends as well as critics of the Administration—have begun wondering aloud whether our new President has any foreign policy at all. Certainly there is a *prima facie* case that he does not and, moreover, doesn't care much whether he has or hasn't. His interest is focused on domestic affairs and partisan politics. He seems to find it hard to fix his attention on the foreign problems and crises that have been swarming since the first of the year.

In the muddled and inconclusive actions he does take, there seems to be no cohesive set of ideas, no *direction*. One day the Secretary of State threatens consumer boycotts of nations that trade with Cuba; three days later, his Department takes it all back. Zanzibar throws out our representatives, and we retaliate—by recognizing Zanzibar's Communist government. To keep Soviet power out of the eastern Mediterranean we join with the British to settle the Cyprus problem on a NATO basis; and then turn the matter over to the anti-NATO UN, where the Soviet Union is imbedded. Nobody knows what Mr. Johnson thinks about the approaching Afro-Asian-Communist war against Angola and South Africa. Nobody knows whether the new Assistant Secretary Mann is supposed to bury or revive the Alliance for Progress. Mr. Johnson ships Bobby Kennedy to the South Seas, but declines to take sides between Malaysia and Indonesia. The grossest insults from a Ghana gone openly totalitarian bring no counter-action from the U.S. one way or another. On South Vietnam Mr. Johnson's spokesmen talk simultaneously of getting the boys back home for Christmas and standing firm till doomsday.

Though the daily headlines paint this disorderly picture, it would be wrong to conclude that all is confusion. There is at least one coherent line beneath the surface, carried over by Mr. Johnson from Mr. Kennedy's Administration, that gives meaning to the otherwise chaotic composition of the whole, and explains in some measure his seemingly arbitrary conduct in individual episodes.

Forever Yalta

This line is what I have called "the Yalta strategy": the strategy of seeking a détente and an enlarging agreement with Russia, with the implicit goal of a Russo-American condominium. During the Kennedy Administration the Yalta strategy became ever more weighty in our foreign policy complex. In the Johnson Administration it is just about all that is left.

What were those "positive achievements" of Mr. Kennedy's foreign policy so hailed in memoriam, though usually without specification? Laos? New Guinea? Goa? Congo? Cuba? Relations with Europe, NATO, Common Market? Hardly. Not much positive to be dredged from that list. The positive were these and these only: the treaty with Moscow on neutralization of Antarctica; the nuclear test-ban treaty with Moscow; the hot line between the Kremlin and the White House; the joint undertaking by Washington and Moscow not to arm orbiting space vehicles. Apart from these products of the Yalta strategy there were only failures and retreats. And the sole positive foreign policy achievements of the Johnson Administration continue in the identical Yalta series: the wheat deal with Moscow; the disarmament negotiations with Moscow; the new cultural exchange agreement with Moscow.

These Yaltesque actions involve long, complicated and consistent operations sustained in the face of imposing obstacles. Only a very basic policy drive could have continued the cultural exchange negotiations after so gross a public affront as the Soviet imprisonment of Yale Professor Frederick Barghoorn. The defection of a Soviet disarmament delegate who turned out to be a KGB agent was not allowed to interrupt the Geneva sessions. One after another our offers are laid at the feet of chief Soviet delegate Simeon Tsarapkin (whom every intelligence service in the world knows to be also, and to have been for twenty-five years, a KGB agent): we are ready to destroy 25 per cent of all our nuclear material suitable for weapons; we will freeze development of missiles and strategic planes; we will abandon strategic installations; we will internationalize all aerospace data. . . . Castro rushes to Moscow for orders when the Panama crisis breaks, and Khrushchev, with his arm around his Cuban comrade, gives public leadership to the anti-American revolution in the Caribbean, as in the newly developing Cubas of the Indian Ocean and the eastern Mediterranean; but the wheat deal marches on.

And the Negative Harvest

It is the Yalta strategy that explains, too, much of the negative record. When the only clear line—and therefore the major line—of U.S. policy is toward a spreading deal with Moscow, what more natural than that NATO should weaken, that France should seek her own ties elsewhere? Why should Britain, France or Spain decline to trade with Castro when the U.S. feeds Castro's master? Why should Makarios join in keeping Soviet influence out of his island when Washington greets Khrushchev as a friend? Why should a Latin American, African or Asian government remain quixotically "pro-Western" when the West's chief power pursues an anti-Western course?

I feel sure President Johnson does not understand the interlock between his positive moves toward agreement with Moscow "in areas of common interest" and the globally multiplying collapse of U.S. positions. If he did, he would realize that his first acts in reversing the dismal trend would have to be: to call his men back from Geneva; to suspend the cultural exchange agreement; to cancel the wheat deal; to invoke the test ban's escape clause in order to regain freedom of action in nuclear matters; to have done, in short, with Yalta.

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Witches' Brew

"Revolutionary prospects are excellent throughout the African continent," commented Chou En-lai the other day. Few, says the author, would disagree

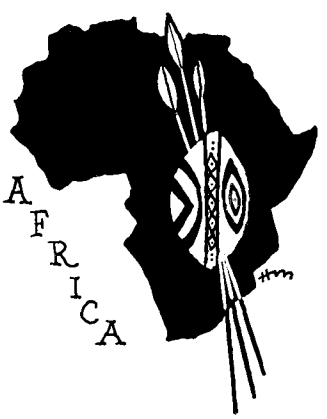
ELSPETH HUXLEY

Double, double, toil and trouble; fire burn and cauldron bubble. Africa's cauldron is a-bubble all right and now the fashionable parlor game is to identify the Three Weird Sisters who feed into it eye of newt and toe of frog. Are they hot-broomstick from Moscow, Peking and Cairo? Or local products from the jungle labeled unemployment, disillusionment and poverty?

It's still not fully known—perhaps it never will be—what really happened in East Africa between the seizure of key points in Zanzibar by Cuban-trained freedom fighters on January 12, and the disarming of the 11th Battalion of the Kenya Rifles by British troops on January 25. There are, roughly speaking, two points of view. It was part of a Communist plot to take over the governments of all four newly independent states that misfired; or it was a series of spontaneous protests by African malcontents against Uhuru's failure to fulfill their golden dreams.

In Zanzibar, it *was* a plot, if that isn't too tidy a word to use for such a ramshackle business. The British had handed it over one month before to a coalition dominated by the Arabs, who'd ruled the island since the Middle Ages but made up only 15 per cent of the population. Considering that the Arabs had for centuries organized and conducted the slave trade all over central Africa, it would have been surprising if an African majority led by ardent nationalists had settled down cozily under the rule of a Sultan no longer backed by British arms. The Arabs had been flirting with Cairo, the Africans with Moscow and Peking. Now the Moscow man, Kassim Hanga, is Prime Minister (his wife is an American Negro who has worked with Professor Potehkin in Moscow); and Peking's champion, Adbul Rahman Mohamed Babu, is Minister for External Affairs. Deposed ex-Sultan Seyyid Jamshid bin Abdulla, his former Prime Minister and a bedraggled entourage about eighty strong languish on reluctant British charity in several of the less resplendent London hotels.

The joker in the Zanzibar pack was 27-year-old John Okello, a self-styled Field Marshal originally from Kenya or Uganda (no one's quite sure which) who, with a handful of followers, descended on the island from a Cuban freedom fighters' training camp a few days before the revolt to capture key points with dispatch and efficiency. A rigid censorship was clamped down, newspaper correspondents turfed out and the European residents, all unharmed, turned their eyes to the wall. A lot of Arabs



were murdered and a good many people disappeared. Now a government has emerged that seems stable but, *vis-à-vis* the cold war, has clearly changed sides. Whether it can afford to show this too openly is another matter; Zanzibar has a large deficit which Britain has promised to make good. At this operational level, incidentally, the Russo-Chinese split appears invisible; Moscow or Peking trained; it's all the same.

Just over the water, in palm-fringed Dar es Salaam, events were even more obscure. John Okello flew across to see some of Julius Nyerere's colleagues, but not Tanganyika's president himself. Next day, Tanganyika's army mutinied, expelled all remaining British officers and NCO's, seized key points in the capital, had the country at its mercy—and allowed itself to be talked out of any further awkwardness by the Minister for External Affairs and Defense, Oscar Kambona. By promising them pay raises and quick promotion, Kambona got the mutineers to return peacefully to their barracks. (It was a very small army; two battalions, both under strength.)

It's commonly believed in Tanganyika that Oscar Kambona is the principal, perhaps the only, serious rival for supreme power to Julius Nyerere. The anti-white and anti-Western convictions proper to an out-and-out nationalist have been served up, in his case, with a stronger-than-average dressing of rancor. The *London Daily Telegraph* claimed that he'd been "carefully selected and trained in Moscow" to become the main Communist agent for the whole of East Africa. On the whole, the *cognoscenti* doubt this. "Communist inspired but not Communist trained" was another, and perhaps sounder, judgment. At any rate, Kambona is ambitious and had the ball at his feet. He didn't kick it. He passed it, like a loyal teamsman, to his colleagues and he's still just Minister for External Affairs, not boss of Tanganyika. Why?

And where. Where, that is, was President Nyerere during the vital two days when confusion reigned, Asian shops were looted and it looked as if law and order might collapse throughout this sprawling land of ten million peasant farmers?

Julius Nyerere is the odd man out among the bosses of the new Africa. An ardent believer in the single-party state and "African Democracy"

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on Ghana's model, he's by nature no dictator but a mild, gentle, rational, idealistic philosopher. He has translated *Julius Caesar* into Swahili. He's a Roman Catholic. He can be, on occasion, as good a demagogue as any, and he lives in the colonialist former Governor's Mansion protected by soldiers, wire and guard dogs; but, in moments of crisis, retires to a convent to seek guidance from the God of the Christians rather than from Marx, Stalin, Khrushchev or Mao. He has a hard time trying to stop Europeans tying round his neck the label "moderate," which so easily turns into a noose.

Kenyatta Prepared

Rumor flew Nyerere to Nairobi to consult with Kenyatta, held him prisoner at the mercy of the plotters, and concealed him in his religious retreat. Probably he just dithered; no one knows. He didn't call in British troops to quell the mutiny. Uganda's Prime Minister, Milton Obote, did. When mutiny broke out at Jinja, on the Nile's headwaters, he acted with the swift decisiveness Nyerere so conspicuously lacked. He summoned Britain's military fire brigade, who quickly disarmed the mutineers.

Next day, the same trouble boiled up in Kenya. Here, everyone was ready and the mutiny never got off the ground. British troops were on the spot anyway, at the big base outside Nairobi which must be closed down, under the terms of an agreement by the end of this year.

Uneasy peace now reigns, postmortems are proceeding, the mutineers will be court-martialed, Africanization of the army—already far advanced—is to be accelerated to a point where there'll be no white faces in any officers' mess by the end of 1964. But the two big questions—what happened? and what next?—can be answered by guesswork alone.

If there was a deep-laid plot, its mishandling was incredible. It's hard to believe that, with Dar es Salaam at their mercy, the plotters would have gone home to breakfast and left a badly shaken president to resume possession of the field. Why organize a mutiny if you've no idea what to do when it succeeds? Zanzibar *was* an organized takeover and the plans worked. Why not elsewhere?

It seems more likely that the match in Zanzibar lit a spluttering fuse of general discontent. The grimmest reality now in eastern Africa is the decline of the economy combined with a rocketing population. In places, half the employable males are out of work, or have never had any. There's no insurance or organized relief. The streets of Uhuru, instead of being paved with gold, are proving rocky, harsh and apparently plummeting downhill. But white men—and brown men, too, the Asians are very vulnerable, still drive big cars, employ servants, eat well and look fat. So do African Ministers, civil servants and business men lunching in the grand hotels on thick steaks and heaped curries, drawing as much money in a single day as most toiling peasants can expect to see in a twelve-month. All this is quite enough to spark off a mutiny or two.

Restive Youth Wings

Now that the smoke has cleared, the "old guard" of African politicians, as they've already become, are still in position. Both Nyerere in Tanganyika and, even more so, Kenya's Kenyatta have been around a long time. The Youth Wings of the political parties are stepping up their restive, angry, half-baked, violent and dangerous pressure. They are anti-Kenyatta and are turning anti-Nyerere. Obote of Uganda is younger, but bogged down in the complexities of internal politics.

No one thinks this is the end of the story. Next time, it will be more dangerous. Many more freedom fighters like Okello will have returned from training camps of which that in Cuba is only one. Others in Algeria and in the Congo are continually turning out young men instructed in guerrilla tactics and in the techniques of sabotage and well armed with Russian and Eastern European equipment.

Although the army was evidently ripe for revolt, the police force was not, and the police are more important than the army; the force is much larger, more widespread, better equipped and has a higher morale. No *coup* seems likely to succeed unless the police can be suborned; once they are, and if the job's done well, no *coup* could fail. The last trained European police officers will leave within about a year. There are some good African officers, but not nearly enough to go round.

Pushing for Federation

Not a cheerful prospect? Not very. On the credit side, the present leaders are thoroughly alerted and have, at the moment, all the power in their hands. They are cracking down on the subversive elements—and especially on the trade unions, which Nyerere has long wanted to get out of the way—with a severity no colonialist government would dare to employ. Although no one in eastern Africa has much time for Nkrumah, who is trying hard to sabotage the federation to which the East African leaders pledged themselves, they sympathize with his methods, which they may well have to apply with increasing rigor themselves. It's a naked power struggle everywhere and it's red in tooth and claw.

Now Nyerere and Kenyatta are all the more anxious to push federation through, if only to establish a federal army which they believe could be more easily kept free of revolutionary taint. The Prime Minister of the tiny state of Burundi, on the shores of Lake Tanganyika, has been down to see Nyerere to ask if he can join in too. His country teeters on the knife-edge of war with neighboring Rwanda, to which Burundi was joined until 1962, where the wretched Watutsi people, its former rulers, are being slaughtered in their thousands, some say in tens of thousands, by their former vassals, the Bahutu. Now that the Bahutu rule Rwanda, outnumbering the Watutsi by ten to one, they have, it's said, vowed to revenge themselves by relentlessly wiping out every Watutsi man, woman and child.

In the Kwilu province of the neighboring Congo, a former Minister of Education, Pierre Mulele—he really *is* Peking-trained—has led gangs with arrows and pangas against women missionaries to lop off their hands. In the Horn of Africa, Somali nomads armed by Russia tangle bloodily with Ethiopians armed by the United States. "Revolutionary prospects are excellent throughout the African continent," Chou En-lai said in Mogadishu. Few would disagree.

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New Hampshire Report

It's Up to the 'Undecideds'

D. FRANK O'NEIL

Manchester, N. H.

People think of New Hampshire as a good place for a skiing weekend in winter, or a relaxing summer vacation, but every four years their thoughts are jolted. This happens when this quiet Northern New England state becomes a test tube for Presidential politics.

The year 1964 is one of those years and once again New Hampshire—with only four electoral votes—finds itself a hotbed of national political maneuvering. The reason for all the excitement is basically that New Hampshire is the first state in the country to hold a Presidential primary.

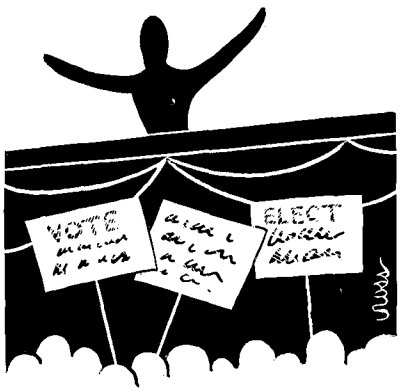
It will be held this year on March 10 and the natives have been repeatedly probed and jabbed by most of the big-name political analysts who are trying to find out if the Granite State will really get Barry Goldwater off the launching pad on his conservative crusade to the White House, or whether Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York can upset Goldwater's applecart, or whether either has a big voter appeal.

New Hampshirites don't mind the exaggerated picture that many of the columnists and commentators, and the cartoonists, are painting. They're used to this treatment by now and just sort of smile as television "experts" and others depict them as backwoodsmen who do nothing more serious than sit around a pot-bellied stove and talk politics—country style.

Actually, they were not too excited about the primary, if the truth were told, until the last few weeks, despite all the national news attention they were getting. Early "expert" predictions, which began to roll off the presses as far back as last November, indicated that Goldwater was as much as a 4-to-1 favorite over Rockefeller in New Hampshire. This was nonsense, to begin with. At that stage of the game there just were not enough people interested to produce anything remotely related to fact in this respect. Then came the assassination of President Kennedy, and the same experts began to count Goldwater out of the race altogether. The South would never rise for Barry, they told their readers, with a Southerner like Lyndon Johnson in the White House.

All of this took place before either Goldwater or Rockefeller had started to campaign actively in the state, and the political moratorium delayed the opening gun until after the holiday season. Gradually, both Goldwater and Rockefeller began to line up their forces, and the same experts began to revise their "down-and-out" predictions about Goldwater. He was showing somewhat the same strength that he had before the assassination. They found little evidence that his early backers were leaving him and, in fact, they kept running into people who were climbing on Barry's bandwagon.

However, Governor Rockefeller was also lining up a substantial organization, backed by his millions, and his professional "know-how"



crew from Albany. This was in sharp contrast to Goldwater's amateurs, plus a few of his political advisers from an equally small state, Arizona.

From the beginning — and right down to the wire—Rocky's remarriage was the big stumbling block for him. Republican women, especially, took a dim view of this situation. They didn't seem to be shocked so much by the fact of his divorce, but they were not favorably impressed by Happy's walking away from her young children. This feeling has stuck, and must not be counted out, even though the remarriage is now old news. It reflected, some claimed, on Governor Rockefeller's judgment in matters not necessarily related to his domestic problems.

But money still talks, and in a small state like New Hampshire it can have a very big voice, despite the fact that the state's election laws limit a Presidential candidate to a campaign spending sum of $25,000.

This is a joke, of course. Rockefeller spent, one way or another, $25,000 in the first couple of weeks of the campaign, but there are loopholes in the New Hampshire laws, just as there are in most election statutes. For one thing, the candidate's "personal expenses" do not have to be counted, and if you don't think Rocky has been taking full advantage of this —with lush press parties, private planes, a campaign "Rocky-mobile," staff assistants of all shades and sizes, from New York as well as the New England area—you are entitled to a second guess. Some reports indicate that Governor Rockefeller has been "playing down" his campaign staff activities because New Hampshire is such a conservative state, but even if this is so—and it may be—his campaigning has added something new and "big" to New Hampshire.

The question is, will New Hampshire be shocked by it, or impressed by it?

Some signs say the latter, rather than the former. He has a pleasant personality, and his "Hiya, ladies," and "Hi, there" approach has obviously paid some dividends. Having followed him through countless small towns and villages it is clear that his attention to school children has been paying off. One hears repeatedly variations on the theme: "He must be a nice man to spend so much time with the kids." But he may be overdoing it, too. The reaction was not all favorable when it was revealed that in the average-sized town of Newport he ran up a bill of $10 for ice cream cones in one store.

The voting picture in N.H. has become confused, but not necessarily "meaningless" as some of the pundits claim. As N.H. Republicans go to the post on March 10 there are five names on what is called the "preference"

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primary ballot, four of them legitimate candidates for the Republican nomination for President and one a self-starter (read it: publicity-seeker).

Those nominated for a place in the popularity contest, or the "beauty contest" as it is more frequently called, are: Sen. Barry Goldwater of Arizona, Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York, Harold Stassen of Philadelphia, Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine and the "self-propelled" Norman LePage, a Nashua, N.H., accountant who succeeded in getting the ridiculously small number of signatures that are required under New Hampshire law to get a name on the Presidential preference ballot. (Fifty signatures in each of two congressional districts.) In addition, and this will be very important in the outcome, are well-organized campaigns to get write-in votes for former Vice President Richard M. Nixon and Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge.

One thing the national columnists and analysts have not exaggerated in this 1964 New Hampshire primary is the fact that there is a very substantial "undecided" vote as the showdown approaches. No matter who it is that is conducting a poll or survey, or a house-to-house canvass, they all seem to agree that close to 50 per cent of the Republican voters refuse to commit themselves.

"I haven't made up my mind, for sure," is the answer that the campaign pollsters have received in one out of every two cases.

Goldwater forces released to the press a couple of survey results which showed their candidate running far ahead in first place votes, with Rockefeller, Lodge and Nixon bunched up in the rear, but they admitted that "between 50 and 60" per cent of those checked were undecided. Rockefeller forces said they checked 1,600 voters in one large Republican town (Rye) and that Rocky was ahead 3-to-2, but one-half of those they contacted in a telephone poll had not yet made up their minds.

As the campaign neared its climax, both Rockefeller and Goldwater were loosening up the purse strings, but Rockefeller, as would be expected, more so.

A typical example is billboard spending. Unofficial, but probably accurate reports, say there are 80 large Rockefeller billboards scattered around the compact New Hampshire countryside, as compared to 30 for Goldwater. Rocky forces are also using Boston TV stations for "spot" campaign plugs.

The Rockefeller headquarters at the New Hampshire Highway Hotel in Concord has been rented since November, that is to say prior to the assassination of the late President Kennedy. They consist of four double suites, rented for four months, in the most accessible hostelry in the capital city, one used for most political gatherings in the Granite State. Goldwater, on the other hand, had an

empty store on Concord's Main Street for his headquarters, one formerly used by the W. T. Grant Co. It is large but not imposing. His staff was formidable, but mostly "local."

Both Goldwater and Rockefeller have seasoned politicians on their delegate slates.

Barry has the state's top Republican office-holder—U.S. Sen. Norris Cotton of Lebanon—as his state chairman, along with such political notables as former Gov. Lane Dwinell, an Assistant Secretary of State in the Eisenhower Administration; Mrs. Doloris Bridges, widow of Sen. Styles Bridges of Concord; Senate Pres. Philip Dunlap of Hopkinton and House Speaker Stewart Lamprey of Moultonboro, both currently active in the state's GOP organizational system.

In the other corner, Rockefeller has former Gov. Hugh Gregg as his state chairman, together with former Rep. Perkins Bass of Peterborough, who was the unsuccessful GOP nominee for U. S. Senate—following a bitter four-way fight, in which Mrs. Bridges finished second—but who was upset by Democrat Tom McIntyre of Laconia; former U.S. Sen. Robert W. Upton of Concord, a big name in party affairs for a couple of decades; Bert Teague of Newport, who lost two very close primary races for Congress, one of them to Bass.

Nixon is a factor only because former Gov. Wesley Powell of Hampton Falls, a longtime "maverick" in party circles, chose to carry the torch for him. This could, conceivably, be a mistake for Nixon who could have easily disavowed any such write-in effort on his behalf, once it became public knowledge. He did ask the lone delegate who filed for him to get out, and just in time. There had been reports that there would be a full slate in the race for Nixon.

Some of Powell's more zealous followers have gone so far as to predict that they will get between 20,000 and 25,000 write-in votes for Nixon. (Much to ex-Gov. Powell's chagrin, it is understood.) Even in '56, when the united party backed Nixon for re-election as Veep in a write-in drive, he received only 25,000 write-ins and that was considered a major triumph.

Margaret Chase Smith, in her person-to-person campaigning, made a very pleasant impression on those with whom she talked. They liked her, personally. She had the "homey" touch, something New Hampshire voters expect from local politicians and which goes over better than the high-pressure, baby-kissing antics of Rockefeller, or the straight-talking, Western campaign style of Barry Goldwater, or the opportunistic pleadings of Harold Stassen whose apparently well-financed campaign has a lot of observers wondering what his game really is this time.

As the March 10 showdown drew close there was an unusual degree of indecision in New Hampshire. Most people still seemed to think that Goldwater's initial impetus would keep him in first place, but with the "silent vote" for Nixon and Lodge an unsettling factor they were hedging their bets. At this writing, most of the New Hampshire forecasters lean toward a one-two finish for Goldwater and Rockefeller in the popularity race, but they are careful not to say by how much.

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Letter from Geneva

Report on an Uneasy Common Market

WILHELM ROEPKE

From the beginning I have made no secret of my conviction that the Common Market was a very risky experiment, because the possible disadvantages threatened to outweigh the expected advantages. Over against political enthusiasm a word of economic reasoning had to be said to demonstrate that we were dealing with the creation of an economic bloc whose consequences might be unforeseeable.

The economic benefits of increased international competition, broader employment opportunities beyond one's borders, and liberation from many trade restrictions could have been attained in a different way—and without the risks the six countries exposed themselves to when they came together in a bloc. Because economic liberation was limited here to one area, it had to be purchased by digging a moat against the outside. If one wasn't entirely sure that it would succeed in attracting the other European countries, then one had to reckon with the paradoxical result that the moat would run right across Europe and split our continent—in the name of European integration.

We opponents of the Common Market had that to say, and much more. We were especially concerned with the prospect that agriculture, too, was to be drawn into this unitary scheme. How could one succeed in amalgamating the various national systems of protectionism and crop control into an international system without creating a perfect maze of unforeseeable problems such as, for example, the present pernicious "chicken war"? How could one lower the trade barriers among the Common Market countries without raising the trade barriers against the outside?

In Grave Crisis

This in itself made us skeptical about any attempt to brush aside the manifest economic considerations on the grounds that the economic integration of Europe would be the royal road to political unification, just as the customs union a hundred years ago had prepared the way for the political unification of Germany. We took that for a great and pernicious misunderstanding, and instead of sharing such hopes, we feared the rise of discord and schism.

The Common Market now finds itself in a crisis that can no longer be glossed over. Unsolved problems are growing ever more numerous and ever more thorny. *Dirigisme* is celebrating a triumph. Just recently, for example, the Common Market has forbidden the Germans to import their oranges under the old lower tariff from countries outside the Common Market, such as Israel or Spain, to which Germany had turned on account of the shortages of Italian oranges; the Germans have been instructed to eat more Common Market apples.

Above all, the division of Europe has become a sad reality, and the rift grows steadily deeper. The plans for "building bridges" between the Common Market and the other European countries have again and again failed. The hope that Britain's entry might lead to the amalgamation of Europe has been shunted into the misty distance. And de Gaulle's wilfulness is less to blame than the flawed construction of the Common Market itself—its perfectionism and its so greatly lauded political character. In view of the nature of the Common Market it would have been a genuine miracle if Britain had succeeded in entering; and even if it had, there still would have been no answer to the question, What should be done about the other European countries?

But the Common Market has not only wedged Europe apart; it has created conflicts of interest within this very bloc, which constitute a noteworthy answer to the assurance that the Common Market heralds the political unification of Europe. This disunity can already be seen in the fact that Germany finds the economic separation from England and the other countries of the "Outer Seven" less bearable than France does, and is much more interested than France is in a Common Market of the most open sort.

Still more serious, however, is the clash of interests between Germany and France on the question of the unification of agricultural policy. France, of course, must strive to open up the German market as wide as possible for French agricultural surpluses. But Germany must be afraid of endangering the open character of the Common Market for her industrial products to the extent that the common agricultural price level approaches the high German farm prices and not the lower French ones. But if Germany consented to a lower farm price level, she would have to sacrifice the existence of so-and-so many farmers.

The tragic thing is this, that this conflict of interests now threatens to divide Germany from that country, namely France, to which she is otherwise bound in a happy solidarity of political interests. We are all in agreement that the present crisis of the Common Market can be overcome only through an entirely new approach, in the direction of cooling off some of the past zeal for the most perfect possible economic integration, and simultaneously opening up the Common Market to the other European countries and the non-European world.

A New Yalta?

But we should be equally clear on another point: that progress in this direction may be hoped for only if Germany works in alliance and understanding with France, not against France. But France is named de Gaulle. And here we have named the statesman whose role in international politics is obstinately misjudged by so many Germans, just as they have misjudged the contrasting role of the late American President.

France is a genuine friend that Germany can rely upon today, whereas one can speak of American friendship only with very strong reservations, and of English friendship not even thus. Disregarding the cultural and human ties that bind Germany to France and that we must value all

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the more highly after these murderous and fratricidal wars, it is above all a solid community of political interests that binds these two lands together—even if so many Germans, including some in high position, still ignore the fact. This community of interest rests on the fact that Germany is the outer fortification against the perpetually mortal danger of Communist imperialism, all sweet-talkers of appeasement to the contrary notwithstanding; that de Gaulle is wise enough to recognize this clearly— the Communist danger, and the role of Germany as the outer fortification.

Kennedy did not see this, because of course as a progressive he suffered from chronically disturbed vision concerning the Communist danger. Despite all the assurances he gave to the Germans, he actually endangered the German fortification most grievously, through a policy of one-sided concessions introduced by that emissary of his, Harriman, who was one of the chief architects of the great capitulation of Yalta.

What de Gaulle rightly fears, and what he is trying according to his abilities to avoid, is a decision concerning the fate of Europe made by the Harrimans, Kennedys, and Macmillans—in a word, a new Yalta, whose first step would be the acceptance of the Communist rape of peoples and countries made possible by Yalta, and whose second step would be the consequent moral and political undermining of that part of Europe that is still free. The Germans, and all of us, I believe, have cause to thank God that in these times of colossal danger there is a man like de Gaulle.

Legislative News

The Great Cartel Scheme

WILLIAM SCHULZ

Rep. John Dingell (D., Mich.) says it would "repeal the free enterprise system, gouge the consumer, and set off a dizzying spiral of inflation."

Rep. Bruce Alger (R., Tex.) says it would "abolish capitalism as we know it. It would outlaw price competition and penalize not only the efficient retailer but the bargain-hunting housewife as well."

A Justice Department survey suggests that such a law would keep brand-name consumer goods about 20 per cent above the price they'd settle at in a free market. Assistant Attorney General Lee Loevinger explains: "Prices are fixed at high, noncompetitive levels calculated to yield what the traffic will bear. Consumers pay the bill."

The Pentagon has gone on record against it, saying it would add billions to the defense budget and cancel most of the benefits of the recent military pay raise.

The Small Business Administration, the Federal Trade Commission, the President's Consumer Advisory Council, the Department of Agriculture, the Department of Commerce, the American Farm Bureau, and the AFL-CIO have expressed their opposition to it. The late President Kennedy announced in no uncertain terms that he would veto it.

Dangerous Precedent

"It" is, of course, the so-called Quality Stabilization Act, HR 3669, introduced early in 1963 by Rep. Ray Madden (D., Ind.). It would impose a federal "fair trade" law on all fifty states, even though 23 state Supreme Courts have declared similar laws to be unconstitutional when passed by state legislatures. The ostensible purpose of HR 3669 is to protect small businessmen from "cannibalistic competition"—but it would necessarily involve setting aside the whole theory of anti-trust law, and it would represent a dangerous precedent: giving Washington the power of setting prices so as to guarantee whatever *Washington* thinks is a fair return, whether on sales, capital, land, or labor. It would be an enormous step toward *dirigisme*, the politically administered economy.

Nevertheless, shortly after Madden introduced the bill, it skated handily through the House Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee by a vote of 32 to one, the lonely dissent coming from Rep. Dingell. The Committee heard evidence of the advantages of abolishing "fair trade" laws: shortly after the Ohio Supreme Court declared such a law unconstitutional, coffee perkers dropped from $39.95 to $29.97, electric fry pans from $19.95 to $13.87; and a dollop of other items followed suit, from aspirin to corsets, from bowling balls to hearing aids, radios, handbags—yet the Committee went ahead.

Lobbyist Action

Much of the credit for the Committee's peculiar vote must go to the veteran lobbyists who represent some seventy trade associations, one of which boasts a "war chest" of $1.2 million. Rep. Dingell was physically assaulted, and Rep. Alger was marked for political extinction; the less courageous fell into line. Rep. Hale Boggs (D., La.), the House Democratic whip, has collected some unusual Republican support for the bill, including Battin (Mont.), Harvey and Roudebush (Ind.), Cederberg (Mich.), Devine (O.), Cunningham (Neb.), Broyhill (N. C.), and Pelly and Stinson (Wash.). Over in the Senate the assistant majority leader, Hubert Humphrey (D., Minn.), is working for the bill alongside Thomas Kuchel (R., Calif.), the GOP whip, and Thruston Morton (R., Ky.), chairman of the Senate GOP Campaign Committee. Sen. Warren Magnuson (D., Wash.), chairman of the Commerce Committee, has seemed unimpressed by the bill; but in the Senate only Strom Thurmond (D., S. C.), has mounted an open opposition.

So far the bill has been bottled up in the Rules Committee, and its opponents hope to suffocate it right there, knowing that its passage would be assured if it ever hit the floor: even if it meant overriding a Presidential veto. Those who are pushing the bill are so sure of it that one lobbyist has promised to refund 25 per cent of all contributions if the bill isn't passed.

In the interest of individual freedom the bill should be killed.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Serbonian Bog of Secondary-School Textbooks

At infrequent intervals, this writer will comment on particular school textbooks, to illustrate the general skimpiness, dullness, and bias of this curse (with a few honorable exceptions) to American education. Our rising generation wallows confusedly in a morass of educationist mediocrity and prejudice, in its school manuals.

Kirk

On this occasion, I choose a textbook in American history, *Building of Our Nation*, by Professors Eugene C. Barker, Henry Steele Commager, and Walter P. Webb (Row, Peterson and Co., 1961, 368 pp.). If you wade through this, you weep when you don't sleep.

Though inferior in illustrations and maps to most recent textbooks in its field, this *Building of Our Nation* is the work of three well-known scholars. It has gone through nine editions since 1937. One picks it up in the hope of finding a manual, for a change, that really might interest young people in the political and cultural past of our country—as its authors promise to do: a book with some touch of the picturesque, a sense of the great continuity and essence that links generation to generation, and a power of narrative.

But the unfortunate reader will find nothing of this character in Barker, Commager, and Webb. True, it is a little better written than the average manual; yet that is no high achievement. Other textbook authors have found merit in it—or, possibly they have been impressed by the reputations of these three professors. For most of the recent texts in this field bear a resemblance to *Building of Our Nation* which scarcely can be mere coincidence. This book's emphases are slavishly re-emphasized in a dozen manuals I have reviewed, and its omissions are echoed also.

The first half of the book covers all American history and its European background, down to 1870—very sketchily, one scarcely need remark. The latter half has to do with industrialization, the World Wars, and recent affairs. Both parts are suffused with a doctrinaire equalitarianism; so the principal impression one gains from this confusing and sometimes repetitious performance is that the whole American story culminates in the New Deal and Franklin Roosevelt —who could do no wrong.

The disease of this textbook is the principal affliction of the dominant clique in the American Historical Association nowadays: an unimaginative, ideological, unreasoning attachment to a woolly "democratism" in which all the figures of history are expected to conform to a progressive and Democratic pattern. Brilliant leaders like John Randolph of Roanoke must not be mentioned even in the index, lest the young mind learn that not all Americans always were cast in the mold of Professor Commager. For the same reason, Poe, Hawthorne, and Melville are stricken from the record—while Walt Whitman, a democrat fuzzy enough to satisfy the most disintegrated Liberal, receives extensive praise in two sections of *Building of Our Nation*.

Bleak Deweyism

So the design of these authors was sufficiently boring to begin with. One cannot hold these professors to account, however, for the dreary "Individual and Group Activities" recommendations appended to each Unit. (Specimen on p. 81: "Some of you might be interested in soap carving or clay modeling. If so, begin a gallery of famous people." By way of relief from this textbook, soap-carving does have its charms.) Doubtless these appendices are the creation of the publisher's editors, reared in bleakest Deweyism.

Nor are the professional authors wholly responsible for the shallow reading lists, I suppose; nor for the dull Summary tacked to the tail of every chapter, as if even the editors of the firm took it for granted that few pupils really could bear to read all the way through Barker, Commager, and Webb.

How is it that three university teachers, two of whom have published influential serious books in American history, and one of whom—Professor Commager—writes frequently for the *New York Times Magazine*, can contrive to make the history of these United States so remarkably unappetizing? Even given the quasi-encyclopedic character of the average public-school textbook, one might expect a competent professor to allow some breath of imagination and humor to creep in.

Well, the general answer to this riddle, I suppose, is that almost no one—very few textbook authors and publishers—really is concerned about the wakening of the minds of our students. Textbook writing and publishing have become a species of racket. These immensely profitable books are sold not on their merits, but by clever commercial travelers who butter up the appropriate educational authorities—and are sold, too, on the strength of professional names. It is easy for a professor, as for any other man, to remember that he has emoluments to receive—and to forget that he has duties to perform.

Readers of this page can obtain copies of further remarks of mine on this particular textbook, and on many other textbooks, from the Textbook Evaluation Committee of America's Future, Inc., 542 Main Street, New Rochelle, N.Y. Among the other reviewers on this committee are such scholars as Raymond English, A. H. Hobbs, Frederick Wilhelmsen, Felix Morley, William McGovern, Anthony Bouscaren, and Mark Graubard.

A radical reformation would be hard on the fat textbook publishers, and might even compel distinguished professors to think second thoughts—which always is painful. Yet, after all, schools were founded for the betterment of students—not primarily for the easy enrichment of the textbook-producing set.

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A Conservatism of Reflection

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

I find Russell Kirk delightful. But he is delightful because he is precisely what he urges other people not to be.

Two rhetorical strains that run through his advocacy of conservatism are a professed dislike of reasoned consistency in principle and a stated prejudice against cultivating individualism as such. But his collection of columns and magazine essays, *Confessions of a Bohemian Tory,* reveals him as a comrade-in-arms of the reasonably consistent Frank Meyer (whom he erroneously dismisses as an "ideologue") and as an individualist almost to the point of eccentricity in the grand old English style.

Mr. Kirk has trouble in understanding himself because he isn't quite certain of the relevance of his master, Edmund Burke, to the current scene. Burke believed, quite correctly in his own eighteenth-century context, in the "eternal contract of society." But the social milieu in which Russell Kirk lives is one that has more or less ground its contractual ties to conservative tradition to an atomistic pulp. On Kirk's own evidence we now live in a society in which "everybody belongs to everybody else," in which there exists "collectivism without community," and "equality without love." So, arm in arm with Frank Meyer, Russell Kirk finds himself attacking the *status quo,* crying up the virtues of Barry Goldwater, and carrying his prescriptions for educational change into every last school community that has indicated even the shadow of a wish for his help. In all this Russell Kirk is a crusader as Edmund Burke, who felt impelled to preserve the social relations of his age in England against the corrosions of the Jacobins, had ceased to be a crusader once he let his Whiggism become more or less academic.

Confessions of a Bohemian Tory, by Russell Kirk. Fleet, $4.50

Mr. Kirk, in short, is trying to recover rather than preserve a sense of the "great mysterious incorporation of the human race, held together by tradition and custom and immemorial usage." He is not, literally, a "conservative" in his relations to the predominance of "what is," for the things that are worth conserving seem everywhere to be mostly vestigial. Mr. Kirk is, *malgré lui,* a revolutionist of sorts, a "radical rightist" who is to be differentiated from some of our political rightist "fantastics" in that he refuses to condemn even his worst enemies without a careful sifting of the evidence.

As a Bohemian, Russell Kirk is addicted to a life of flavorsome wandering. However, his search for places where "tradition and custom and immemorial usage" prevail is not encouraging to those of us who dislike living in a world of boxy glass skyscrapers, TV melodramatics, adolescent girls who wear eye-affronting black stockings, and housewives who get scared when Barry Goldwater says something should be done about Cuba. In Palma de Mallorca Mr. Kirk finds that "whole blocks of Renaissance palaces have been demolished to build nasty imitations of American or Swedish store-and-office buildings . . . as things are going, the businessmen of Palma may find that they have ruined their own town for its inhabitants, to please a crowd of souses." In Ireland our Bohemian is troubled by the fact that German businessmen are buying up Killarney with an eye to defiling beauty spots with factories for making cranes. In Yorkshire he fears that the English socialists will end by "proletarianizing" everyone, turning cities into collections of parking lots and building ugly council houses everywhere.

In his travels in the world of the spirit Mr. Kirk is no more encouraging. He finds it appalling that Darwin and Marx and Freud should be listed one-two-three in a poll designed to rate authors in terms of influence. He finds clergymen victims of a "lamentable innocence" of the true meaning of charity, which, as he says, must be voluntary to maintain its character. He thinks the Supreme Court—the "Warren Court," as he calls it—is "overweeningly arrogant" in its doctrinaire and most assuredly unconstitutional interpretations of the First, Ninth, and Tenth Amendments.

But if Russell Kirk seems to be crowded back to such places as the Scottish Hebrides, the inns of Austria, and backwaters like Beaver Island in upper Lake Michigan in his search for sympathetic environments, he finds the inner landscape of his own mind pleasant even when he is dwelling in Megalopolis. He is, as he says, a "Gothic." His older friends are those who cultivate the inner eye—friends like the late Roy Campbell, "interested passionately in sea-creatures, in insects, in children, in Christian faith, in the world of letters, in gypsies, Africans, ancient towns, ancient ballads." Among his young conservative friends, Mr. Kirk discovers a "conservatism of reflection." He thinks this will affect the tone and temper of American politics, for if people are more concerned "whether man is made in the image of God" than whether man is "merely a producing-and-consuming animal," they may cease to deliver their votes to politicians who think solely in terms of economic issues.

Mr. Kirk doesn't like the subject of economics, a subject which I, personally, find fascinating. But I can agree thoroughly with him that life is considerably more than economics. There is a sense, however, in which "economics" is bound up with every-

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Spring Book Issue

The March 24 issue will be a special book number, including reviews and discussion by:

Felix Morley on *What Is Conservatism?*, edited by Frank S. Meyer
Joan Didion on *The Wapshot Scandal*, by John Cheever
Jeffrey Hart on *Letters to Malcolm*, by C. S. Lewis
Theodore Sturgeon on current science fiction

thing, simply because all choices, whether economic or not, affect each other, if only in their competition for available time and energy. Mr. Kirk's own choices, if multiplied over a significant segment of the population, would drastically change our economic order for the better. For Russell Kirk belongs to the blessed tribe that refuses to cry. In college he subsisted on crackers and peanut-butter; in the Hebrides he drinks goat's milk—and all to the end of using what money he had or has to the end of getting an education or some refreshment of the spirit. A nation of individuals like Russell Kirk, able to use even small resources to the ends of getting what it wants, would not be interested in politicians crying up the Welfare State.

But it is a Frank Meyer revolution that Mr. Kirk is calling for, not "conservation" of the current tradition, which is Liberal all through. As Mr. Kirk only fitfully knows, the blade of Edmund Burke must be given a new cutting edge.

An Odd, Sad Waif

PRISCILLA L. BUCKLEY

Peace in Their Time: Men Who Led Us In and Out of War, 1914-1945, by Emery Kelen. Knopf, $5.95

TWO HUNGARIANS struck up a conversation in Lausanne one winter evening in 1922 and, as Hungarians will, when Hungarians meet, they talked the night through. That, says Emery Kelen, was the start of "our thirty-year partnership." ("Our thirty-year war," snorts Alois Derso.) At any rate, they were to become the pictorial biographers of the League of Nations ("our girl of Geneva") doing for the League what Queen Mathilda had done for the Battle of Hastings at her loom so many centuries before. The Kelen-Derso entente (cordial or not) didn't break up until after the Second World War when Emery Kelen became television director of the United Nations while his partner, Alois Derso, opted instead to continue as an artist and in due course became NATIONAL REVIEW's chief, most popular (and for the first three or four years) only regular illustrator. (In consequence of these choices Emery Kelen now lives in the country, is semi-retired, and finds time to write first-class books such as *Peace in Their Time*, while Derso continues poor, and unretired—and available to *NR's* editors, provided they don't call before 3 PM.)

Alois Derso: Self-Portrait

In 1922 the young Derso was already famous. It was a day when major international journalists, such as Jules Sauerwein of *Le Matin*, traveled to conferences, not with their typewriters, but with their typists; and Derso, *Le Matin's* cartoonist, cut a mean figure. He went around gloriously bedecked in a loud checked overcoat that swept to the ground like a monocled *Graf-Baron*, Kelen recalls. "With his long upper lip and demonic smile, he gave the impression of a cardinal contemplating heresy."

They had different styles of working (and of living). Kelen's subjects sat for what were almost formal line portraits. Derso, when he finally got up, circa 4:00 PM, would "prowl around the Lausanne Palace Hotel, head cocked, melancholy eyes riveted to his model. After a while he'd get labor pains, borrow my pencil, scuttle to a quiet corner of the bar and scribble profiles over every piece of paper within reach." Sometimes Derso would make a hundred sketches before selecting one he liked. "He walks around today," says Kelen, "with ten thousand portraits in his head, a morgue of caricatures."

Between them, Derso and Kelen sketched the story of the League from her start as "an odd, sad waif, born on the wrong side of the two-party blanket and abandoned by her Uncle Sam on the Quai Wilson" to her end, at Munich when "this girl of ours . . . had grown short-sighted. Her nose was red from weeping; for she was a maid betrayed. . . . The people had turned against the League and our girl was doomed."

In *Peace in Their Time*, an extraordinarily vivid, witty and well-written book which Mr. Derso insists must be in large part the work of Kelen's charming English-born wife, Helen, because, "frankly Kelen's Hungarian-German-goulash-English is only a little better than my Hungarian-French-goulash-English," Emery Kelen has placed his artist's eye in the service of his pen. His word portraits are memorable. Secretary of State Frank Kellogg, he tells us, "was a little old man who looked like a little old woman who resembles a little old man. . . . " And ". . . slim

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Speaking Up . . .

Thomas Molnar, presently a professor of French Literature at Brooklyn College is the holder of graduate degrees in Philosophy and French Literature, and the author of *The Decline of the Intellectual* and *The Two Faces of American Foreign Policy*. Dr. Molnar will be returning to America in April and will accept invitations to lecture around the country in May.

Your university or club can also write now for openings in the Spring schedules of our other speakers: William A. Rusher, publisher of National Review; L. Brent Bozell, author and noted lecturer on the Supreme Court; William Rickenbacker, editor and author; Ralph de Toledano, columnist and author of *The Winning Side;* Dr. Ernest van den Haag, author of *Passion and Social Constraint;* Erik Ritter von Kuehnelt-Leddihn, humanist and lecturer; and Frank S. Meyer, brilliant and lively author and editor.

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and trim, [Austen Chamberlain] stood and walked square-shouldered, as if he had swallowed a coat hanger . . . [his nephew Neville] could not laugh, and if he smiled, the smile ran down the tips of his wilted mustache like the juice of a bitter melon." "[Sen. Claude A. Swanson's] mustaches needed a good clipping, but his frown did not, as it was already clipped to his face by a pince-nez lest it slide off his beaky nose." Two stout women rolling down the Quai Wilson with heavy strings of Venetian beads look to Kelen "like a couple of overflowing barrels of pirate treasure just fished out of a lake"; a Polish priest "whose name was a bottleneck of consonants . . . read while he ate, using his thin nose as a pointer. . . ."

To Kelen, the irreverent incidents and sidebars that more serious historians hastily sweep under the rug beg to be told, and tell them he does. Did you know, for instance, that the first time Sir William Tyrell (later ambassador to Paris) made his mark diplomatically it was in arranging the ransom of Lord Curzon's trousers, which had been kidnaped by a disgruntled valet? . . . or, how French Foreign Minister Aristide Briand got the last word at Mère Léger's restaurant when Gustave Streseman tried to grab the check. "I'll pay for the lunch," said Briand, "you can take care of the reparations"? Or that certain fiscal inconsistencies in Gandhi's style of living finally brought forth this frosty comment from one of his most devoted followers, Mrs. Naidu: "People have no idea how much it costs to keep the Mahatma poor!"?

EMERY KELEN emerges here as a man of peace, a believer in the ideals of the League; but he leaves the heavy-handed moralizing (he couldn't be heavy-handed if he tried) to others as he tells what happened to Miss Geneva from her highpoint in Locarno down to the day that Chamberlain betook himself to Munich, umbrella in hand, and it was all over "our girl." "All she had to her name were a few Nobel Prize winners, some sugar daddies, two caricaturists, and a wisp of an olive branch." In *Peace in Their Time* the talents of Derso and Kelen are reunited a last time in tribute to an old flame, who, as old flames so often will, ended life pretty much as she started it, "an odd, sad waif."

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The Psychiatrist at the Bar

ROBERT M. SCHUCHMAN

IT IS A RARE THING, INDEED, when a reputable member of a profession places his calling upon the block of severe criticism. Yet this is the precise objective of Dr. Szasz' "inquiry into the social uses of mental health practices."

In a scientistic world, where the language of Newton and Darwin is used to justify the predations of Khrushchev and Hitler, "mental health" has become a euphemism for social control and normative decision making. In 1764, Marquis Beccaria first illuminated the problems raised by Dr. Szasz, in his *Essay on Crimes and Punishments:* "Liberty is at an end whenever the laws permit that, in certain cases, a man may cease to be *a person*, and become *a thing*. . . . Thus it is that in some governments, where there is all the appearance of Liberty, tyranny lies concealed, and insinuates itself into some neglected corner of the constitution, where it gathers strength insensibly." The tyranny of forensic psychiatry, says Dr. Szasz, consists explicitly in the fact that citizens accused of mental illness are no longer treated as persons, but as things. They are compelled to retrocede from a freely contracting citizen to a creature of status, whose very liberty is governed by a juridical application of dubious therapeutic theory.

Law, Liberty and Psychiatry, by Thomas S. Szasz, M.D. Macmillan, $7.50

Two essential issues emerge from this lucid and provocative study: first, when an Ezra Pound or an Edwin Walker is committed to an institution for the mentally ill, a political and ethical decision is made, regardless of how much pseudo-medical rhetoric may be used to acquit the action. Second, the ease and flexibility with which psychiatric notions may obtain force of law (be it in the commitment procedure or in the use of the insanity defense to a finding of criminal guilt) have created a vast penumbra of uncertain jurisprudence, lacking uniformity of application and due process of law.

The facility with which a person may be deprived of his civil liberty because of the testimony of psychiatric experts has made the defense of the lay citizen from this tyranny increasingly difficult. Since the science of insanity is much theory and little fact, a victim of involuntary commitment may never know the nature of the charges against him, especially if the psychiatrist deems such ignorance to be in the best interest of the health of the patient. As Kafka said in his *Zur Frage der Gesetze:* "We are convinced that (our) laws are scrupulously administered; nevertheless, it is an extremely painful thing to be ruled by laws that one does not know."

Dr. Szasz places the blame for the sloppy state of psychiatric jurisprudence almost wholly upon the practitioners of forensic psychiatry. He repeatedly calls the good faith of many psychiatric commentators into question; ascribes power-driving motivations to their position; and makes an astounding use of italics in an attempt to squeeze a sinister intent from the often unassuming quotations of the "experts" with which he liberally sprinkles the pages of his book. Although quick to damn the doctors, Szasz appears hesitant to indict the lawyers, who, after all, write and often carry out mental-health legislation.

The problem faced by the well-intentioned lawyer seems to have escaped Dr. Szasz' inquest. The jurist must contend with a host of apparent medical and scientific findings that the correctional system is inadequate to deal with the victims of mental illness. Being reasonably incompetent to make an appropriately "medical" decision, the jurist willingly abdicates his responsibility and permits the doctors, who "know better," to dispose of the person accused of mental illness. It is, perhaps, this self-abdication of the legal community which is as much to blame for the infirmities of current mental-health practices as the alleged power drives of the psychiatric profession.

Dr. Szasz is most provocative in his discussion of the insanity plea as a defense to criminal conviction. He

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"City of sin and starvation"

"The Chinese Communists wanted to kill Shanghai and all it stood for. And in part they have succeeded. Though its face remains unchanged, the city of sin and starvation, ruled by thirteen foreign proconsuls, is no more. . . . There is only the muted clop-clop of thousands of straw- or felt-soled feet on the asphalt pavement. Shanghai today—like Peking, Hankow, Nanking and other major Chinese cities—is a movie with the sound track turned off."

From a recent Newsweek story.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
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A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Triumph in trying"

"So the mystery of the last novel goes on, and only Mary Hemingway, who typed or supervised the typing of all the manuscripts and who collected them all after his death, can advance the solution. Perhaps Hemingway himself would have said that the book's completed existence is less important anyway than the attempt to do it. After all, in his last successful work, Hemingway's Old Man was not truly defeated by the sea, though he failed to land the huge fish. His triumph was in trying."

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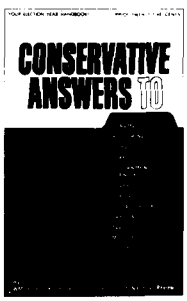

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traces the development of the insanity defense, starting with the M'Naghten rule, which acquits a defendant if his crime was caused by a defect of the mind which so interfered with his cognitive faculties that he could not distinguish right from wrong when he committed the act. And he also explains the miasma of the Durham rule of Judge Bazelon, which treats mental illness as an excusing condition of crime if the act was a "product" of such illness. He would abolish the insanity plea altogether, treat all defendants as responsible for their acts, and improve prison facilities to accommodate and rehabilitate mentally aberrant criminals.

To Dr. Szasz, who sees the concept of mental illness as a means of social oppression justified on the ground of helpfulness toward the oppressed, this appears to be a salutary, albeit radical, idea. But, to a lawyer, it ignores requirements of Anglo-American criminal jurisprudence. The real question presented to a jury in a criminal case is not whether some medically defined mode of being excuses an admittedly criminal act, but whether the defendant should be held responsible for his act. Responsibility presupposes that the defendant had the specific intent to commit the criminal act, what the law terms *mens rea* or *scienter*. If the act was committed by a person mentally ill, such illness may negate the specific intent, and the defendant may be either innocent of any criminal charge, or guilty only of a lesser charge. By abolishing the insanity plea altogether, and making the aberrant defendant responsible for the felony he commits, Dr. Szasz would apparently decline to acknowledge that insanity can negate specific intent. Perhaps if we treated insanity not as a special excusing condition of crime, but only as an instance of the absence of specific intent, we could satisfy both Dr. Szasz and the law.

The minority report of the Royal Commission which investigated the insanity defense proposed a modification thereof which takes cognizance of Dr. Szasz' complaint that ethical decisions are being made under the guise of mental health. This report recognized that the issue is not the sanity of the defendant, but his responsibility for his act. The question to what extent a mentally ill person should be held to criminal punish-

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ment was acknowledged to be ethical and normative as well as legal and medical. Thus, this minority report would permit the jury to decide two issues concerning a defendant who raised the insanity defense. 1) Is the defendant suffering from mental disease, and 2) As a moral judgment, should the defendant be held responsible for his act? This rule would help to clear away much of the scientific nonsense which enshrouds the tyrannical uses of mental-health procedures cited by Dr. Szasz.

Movies

Satirist With Astigmatism

W. H. VON DREELE

RIDICULE IS A POTENT TOOL. During the war a song ridiculing Hitler helped laugh away any dignity he might have retained among the English-speaking Allies. "Ven der Fuehrer says vee iss de master race/den vee Heil! Heil! right in der Fuehrer's face." It was crude but effective.

Director Stanley Kubrick has produced a film whose basic ingredient is ridicule. It is called *Dr. Strangelove or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb*. The ridicule is refined, knowing and devastatingly effective. It is aimed at targets such as these: the U. S. Defense Department and its commanding officers; the idea of the nuclear bomb as deterrent; the imprecision during crises of the President of the United States; the military chain of command; phony morality; the John Birch Society; any shreds of nineteenth-century Genteel Tradition still hanging on.

Mr. Kubrick is one of our genuinely talented directors; he may yet spark a Byzantine flowering in Hollywood. Among other desirable characteristics, his past films have been marked by thorough research. For this film the gestation period was six years. There was the problem posed by shooting major scenes inside a SAC bomber. Understandably denied Defense Department cooperation, Mr. Kubrick built a mock-up of the B-52's cockpit based on a picture clipped from a British airplane magazine. This gesture to authenticity cost $100,000.

There were some compromises. The film is based on the novel *Red Alert* by Peter George. Its story line is hung on the fallibility of U. S. checks to prevent an accidental nuclear bomb-run over the Soviet Union. Mr. Kubrick talked with Alastair Buchan, director of the British (non-governmental) Institute for Strategic Studies. Mr. Buchan reported later on their conversation. He said the film was "unwise because Kubrick would not be able to describe precisely what precautions the United States or other nuclear powers take to guard against the danger of accident or false command." He said that "few people will be aware that the basis of the plot is a series of distortions even of the known facts about American control and safety procedures." But such criticism seemed minor when stacked against the major theme Mr. Kubrick was weaving into the script. It is nothing less than this: Ideology stupidly pits man against man. It is especially stupid when nations possess nuclear weapons. Let us abandon ideology and base our lives on something else.

It is mere petulance to carp over why "something else" isn't in the film. When Swift suggested the Irish problem could be solved by making oven roasts of the children, his essay contained no other, more rational, alternative. Satire's rules are loose. Nevertheless, a viewer asks himself these questions. Is our ideology, with its roots thrust deep into Greek political thought and Hebraic mysticism, excess baggage? What would a convinced Marxist say about Mr. Kubrick's theme? Is there any hope *Dr. Strangelove* will be shown behind the Curtain? Can one both despise ideology and win the Cold War?

In addition, one becomes restless at the choice of some of Mr. Kubrick's sub-targets. The only generals held up for ridicule are Birch Society types. Fair game, but why not take a swipe at the whiz-kid brass mesmerized by a computer's console? Moreover, the President's science adviser, a former Nazi, is assigned the

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Scent of fear"

"The scent of fear hung over the sun-kissed island where legend says Aphrodite arose from the sea. Gutted houses lined the dusty roads of Cyprus and in the capital city of Nicosia, surrounded by its fourteenth-century wall, Greeks and Turks alike mourned their dead. Between them, establishing a *cordon sanitaire*, fresh-faced youngsters of the Gloucestershire Regiment and the Sherwood Foresters stood welcome guard in narrow, winding streets where only a few brief years ago they had been the hated enemy."

From a recent Newsweek story.
A glimpse of how we read these days.
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climactic scene. This is Dr. Strangelove, played with superb attention to detail by Peter Sellers. A cripple, Dr. Strangelove sits stiffly in a wheelchair advising the President (also Sellers) on actions to preserve a selected few from the final horror. Thrust inadvertently from his chair by a malfunctioning mechanical arm, Strangelove takes a few tottering steps and screams: "*Mein Führer,* I can walk!"

It is all first-class ridicule. Watching it, I marveled how, nineteen years after Adolf Hitler and Eva Braun committed suicide in the Berlin Führerbunker, vengeance remains unassuaged. I was astonished again at the venom the name Hitler still generates among many artists and writers of distinction. I saluted the deft skill with which Peter Sellers, given scarcely five minutes of dialogue, evoked the ghastly ideology of the Nazi era. I wondered if I would ever see him in a similar film evoking the equally ghastly Stalin era. And the idea occurred to me that if Stanley Kubrick ever felt the urge, he could *really* do a job on the Communists.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

THE GENIUS OF JOHN RUSKIN, A Selection From His Writings, edited by John Rosenberg (Braziller, $7.50). Ruskin wrote, all his life, in one lavaflow. In that sense, the channeling of his words into this book or that was, from the outset, and on his own plan, somewhat arbitrary. But this does not excuse the typical anthologizer, who tends to pick up only the iridescent stones scattered from this outpouring of molten language. Rosenberg, who knows Ruskin better than any man alive, realizes that even from a single volcano there are stratifications marking each stage of the eruption. By giving us a large, united specimen from each layer, he composes what is, in effect, a set of textual illustrations for his own analysis of the development of Ruskin's thought and style, which appeared in 1961 under the title, *The Darkening Glass*. It and the book under review should be read together; they are enough to impel anyone into the lifelong joy and task of reading Ruskin. Which is, after all, the only justification for an anthology. G. WILLS

STRANGER TO THE GROUND, by Richard Bach (Harper, $3.50). Richard Bach was one of the reservists called to active duty and sent to Europe in 1961 to consolidate the gains our heroic diplomats had made at the Bay of Pigs. In this book he tells of a night flight from England to France in a jet fighter, and of an encounter with a thunderstorm that came close to leaving him and his bird a pile of junk. In a series of stunning flashbacks he describes his training as a pilot and his even more important growth as a man of the air: "My neighbors in the United States used to look upon me a little condescendingly, waiting for me to grow out of the joy of flying airplanes. . . . It has been difficult for them to believe that I will be flying so long as the Guard needs men in its airplanes, so long as there is an Air Force across the ocean that is training for war. So long as I think that my country is a pretty good place to live and should have the chance to go on being a pretty good place." The book should fascinate anyone who loves aviation. The writing is hard and swift, often beautiful, and occasionally purple, like the blood of patriots. W. F. RICKENBACKER

ORDEAL OF VICTORY, by John Terraine (Lippincott, $6.95). Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig commanded the forces of the British Empire on the Western Front for the major part of World War I. He gained the reputation of being a dull-witted butcher who sent his men into battle under impossible conditions, to suffer truly unbelievable losses (in the Battle of the Somme, 60,000 on the *first day*). This book is an attempt to change that reputation. It is a very interesting book, and almost succeeds. But it does so by playing down the true horror of what Haig did, and playing up every scrap of favorable material available. It will take more than one such book to make a great man *or* general of Haig; and nothing can alter the fact that he presided over the bleeding—justified or not—that destroyed Britain's power. J. P. MCFADDEN

A piece of the action from Newsweek:

"Infinite Zero"

"H. G. Wells once wrote a tragicomic fantasy about a corpulent man who magically lost a lot of weight instead of fat, and had to sew lead weights to his underwear to save himself from ballooning away. Zero Mostel, the circular star of the lightweight Broadway musical-comedy hit 'A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum,' keeps his feet securely on the ground with the esthetic ballast of graphic art. Some people think of Mostel as a comedian who paints. But he is really more than that: Mostel is a painter who acts."

From a recent Newsweek Art column. A glimpse of how we read these days. Have you read Newsweek lately?

Newsweek

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To the Editor

Goldwater in California

In condensing my account of Goldwater's prospects in California, in "Focus on Nov. 3" in the February 25th issue, you did slightly less than justice to the nuances of the situation. It is true that most Goldwater supporters, especially those in the southern part of the state, are confident that he will win the crucial June primary; but much work remains to be done—especially in the San Francisco area, where Rockefeller is spending money as though it were going out of style. Fairness also compels me to add that the disappointment of staunch conservatives at seeing (for example) old Nixon wheelhorses on the statewide Goldwater committee is perfectly understandable—although I personally believe that Senator Knowland, in drawing up the committee, made an essentially statesmanlike decision aimed at unifying the California Republican Party following Senator Goldwater's anticipated victory in the primary.

New York, N. Y. WILLIAM A. RUSHER

De Gaulle by Default

I beg to disagree ["C'est Moi, de Gaulle," Feb. 11]. The emergence of de Gaulle is a direct consequence of the abandonment by the United States of its position of leadership—an event which I date back to the demise of J. F. Dulles. De Gaulle, who is a confirmed Westerner, proposed a U.S.-UK-France "directorate" and full partnership and was told to go jump in the lake. This left him no alternative, since a dependence on Washington's firm stand against the comrades involved greater risks than he was willing to take. Had I been in his shoes, I would have felt the same way.

I also suspect that he waited for a while after Kennedy's death, perhaps hoping that Johnson's attitude would be different. But Johnson concentrated on his re-election, leaving foreign policy adrift.

De Gaulle appears so formidable only because we appear so weak in dealing with our enemies (we still try to be tough with our friends). His power base is weak but this is relative: our might does not do anybody any good if it is misused or unused. In effect, this is a vacuum, and he moves into it. Under peacetime conditions (that is, in the absence of nuclear war), the United States cannot successfully claim a political monopoly and a right to deal with the Soviets and their allies the way it chooses, while demanding that everybody stay out of the Big Game. We still have some leverage against South Korea, South Vietnam, Taiwan, and perhaps West Germany, *i.e.,* the divided and exposed countries which have little choice. As for the rest, our power simply does not count, as Cuba or Panama demonstrates. We cannot claim a monopoly on trading with the enemy, either. We may beg our allies to take our interests into consideration, but we must do it nicely.

In fact, the whole development might have healthy results; once we are cornered (as in the UN over the issue of China's seat) we would have to fish or cut bait. The leader's function is to lead, to defend friends and attack enemies. This is exactly what the United States failed to do. Now that the chickens are coming home to roost, we yell "murder." Perhaps. But I feel it is not too late, and that de Gaulle still can be made to look small—by comparison. We'll see.

New Haven, Conn. V. PETROV
Yale University

No Scissors, No Paste

May I correct an unfortunate misstatement in Professor Shulenberger's review of *The Creative Present: Notes on Contemporary American Fiction* [Feb. 11].

Professor Shulenberger calls the book (which I edited with Charles Simmons) "a scissors-and-paste assemblage" and implies that some of the essays were reprinted from the *New York Times.* This is completely untrue. All the essays are original and were commissioned for this book—as was stated in my introduction and on the jacket blurb. Indeed the book came into being because there were no extensive assessments of our most serious practitioners of the contemporary novel and short story, and the time seemed ripe for such a critical synthesis.

New York, N. Y. NONA BALAKIAN

Panama's Present and Past

I read with a great deal of interest Edwin McDowell's article with its sub-title, "What Panama wants is clear: it's the Canal" [Feb. 11]. Nothing could be further from the truth. Panama would fight like a tiger to prevent us from presenting them with the Canal and leaving them holding the bag. Actually Panama merely wants the gross revenue from the Canal with the power to

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raise toll rates when convenient and the United States to pick up the check for all maintenance.

I might point out that in the 1903 treaty between Panama and the United States (ratified Feb. 26, 1904) paragraph three of Article VII reads as follows:

"The same right and authority are granted to the United States for the maintenance of public order in the cities of Panama and Colon and the territories and harbors adjacent thereto in case the Republic of Panama should not be, in the judgment of the United States, able to maintain such order."

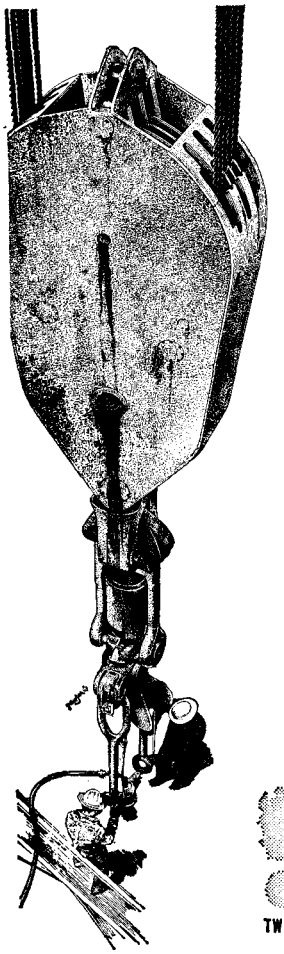
Charlottesville, Va. C. Z. OVERSTREET

Edwin McDowell's "Will We Lose the Canal?" was fine but it contains some inaccuracies which dilute the flavor of any history of this, the greatest of comic opera revolutions.

Dr. Amador was in New York seeking aid for the planned revolution in Panama and he unburdened his soul to William Cromwell, believing that Cromwell (attorney for the Panama Railroad) would use his Washington influence to Amador's advantage. But Cromwell double-crossed Amador and approached José Gabriel Duque, then running the local Colombian lottery, and suggested he agree to be President of the proposed new Republic. Duque immediately informed the Colombian Government, which threatened to expropriate the Panama Railroad unless Cromwell stopped interfering in Colombian affairs.

In sheer desperation Amador contacted Bunau-Varilla in his New York hotel. Bunau-Varilla, a heavy stockholder in the new French company, saw his opportunity. In one night he prepared a) the new Panamanian flag, b) a Constitution, c) a secret code, d) fixed the hour and date of the revolution, and e) made out a personal note for $100,000 to be used to bribe the Colombian garrison in Panama. Amador went back to Panama with this—not with $100,000 in cash.

Bunau-Varilla extracted from Amador a promise to name him Minister Plenipotentiary "simply for the prestige of being the first Ambassador of the new Republic" if the revolution were successful. As soon as the authorizing cable arrived from Panama, Bunau-Varilla entered into negotiations with Secretary Hay—



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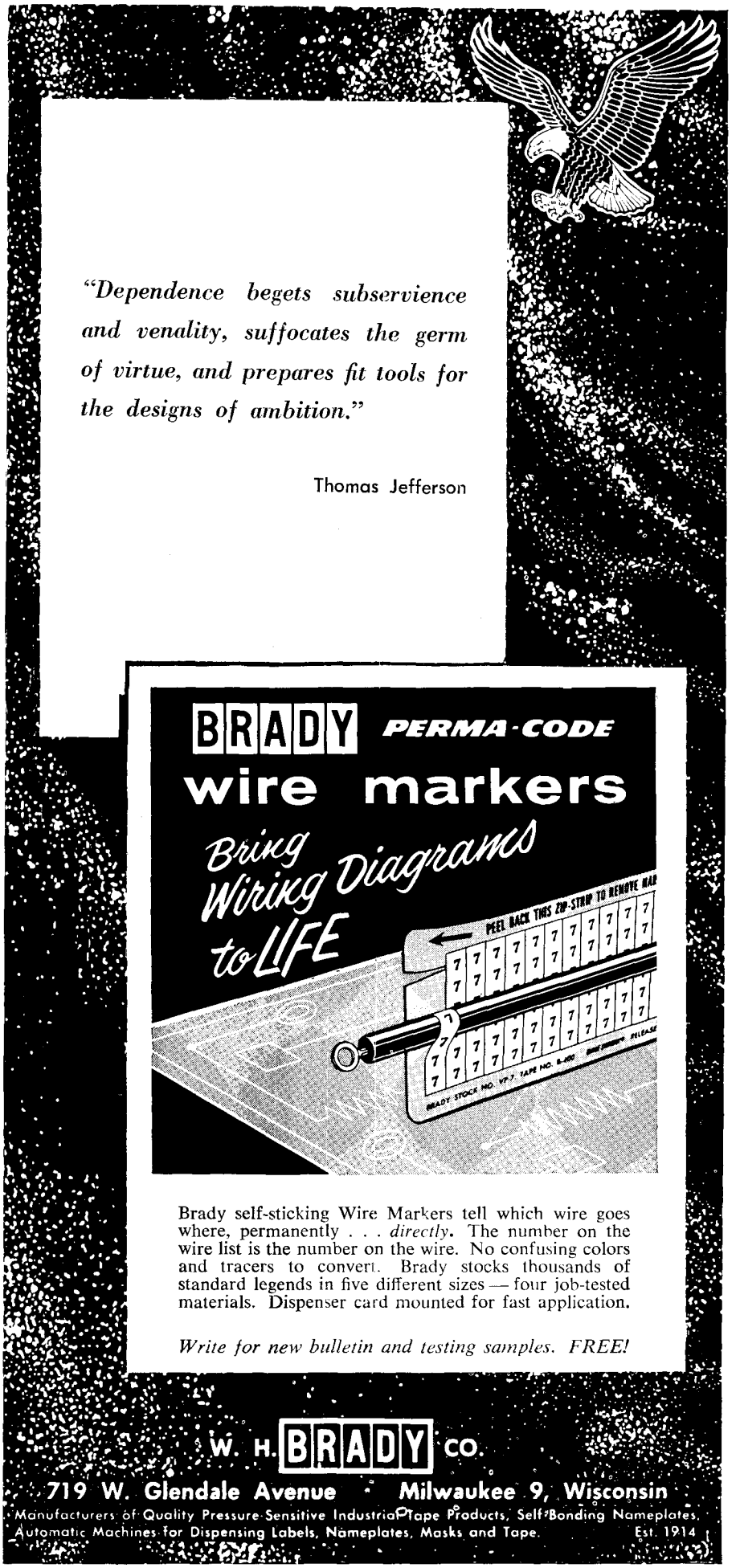
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under pressure, because the new French company's canal rights were to revert to Colombia in 1904 if no treaty were signed.

Within two weeks of the revolution, a Panamanian delegation arrived in Washington fully prepared to sit down and negotiate a treaty—to be informed by Bunau-Varilla that he had saved them a lot of time and had already signed as Minister Plenipotentiary. The disconcerted Panamanians returned to Panama with full charges of ink in their pens. Bunau-Varilla, of course, participated heavily in the $40 million paid under the Spooner Act by the U. S. to the new French company for its canal rights.

Panama's Minister Miguel Moreno, now so ferociously pounding the table here, does not care to make reference to the actual beginnings of either the Republic or the treaty. For it is a fact: the treaty was never negotiated. It was written by one of the greatest promoters of all time who had gotten himself named the first Minister of the Republic of Panama (and he a Frenchman at that).

Bellport, N. Y. J. J. DEL CASTILLO

The Pornography Game

I mentioned to a friend the comment of one of *NR*'s editors suggesting that all pornography be published in Latin. My friend thought this was a crackerjack idea, but allowed as how it might be even madder fun to publish it in Russian and distribute it both here and in Russia, so that the effect on us would be almost wholly salubrious: drastically reducing available pornography and forcing the incorrigibly salacious to improve themselves by learning Russian; and the effect on the Russians almost wholly deleterious: undermining and circumventing the authority of a dictatorship which has, by ukase, limited or proscribed the sale or circulation of pornography.

In consequence, we are founding a group for this purpose, to be called the "Society for the Publication of Pornography in Russian to Instruct Us and Undermine Them," the first letters of which, you will have immediately realized, spell the word SPPRIUUT!—an ancient Mongol obscenity, said to have been shouted in concert by the children of rebellious Tatars, while playing "Kick the Khan" . . . .

Toronto, Ont. TOM RIEDER

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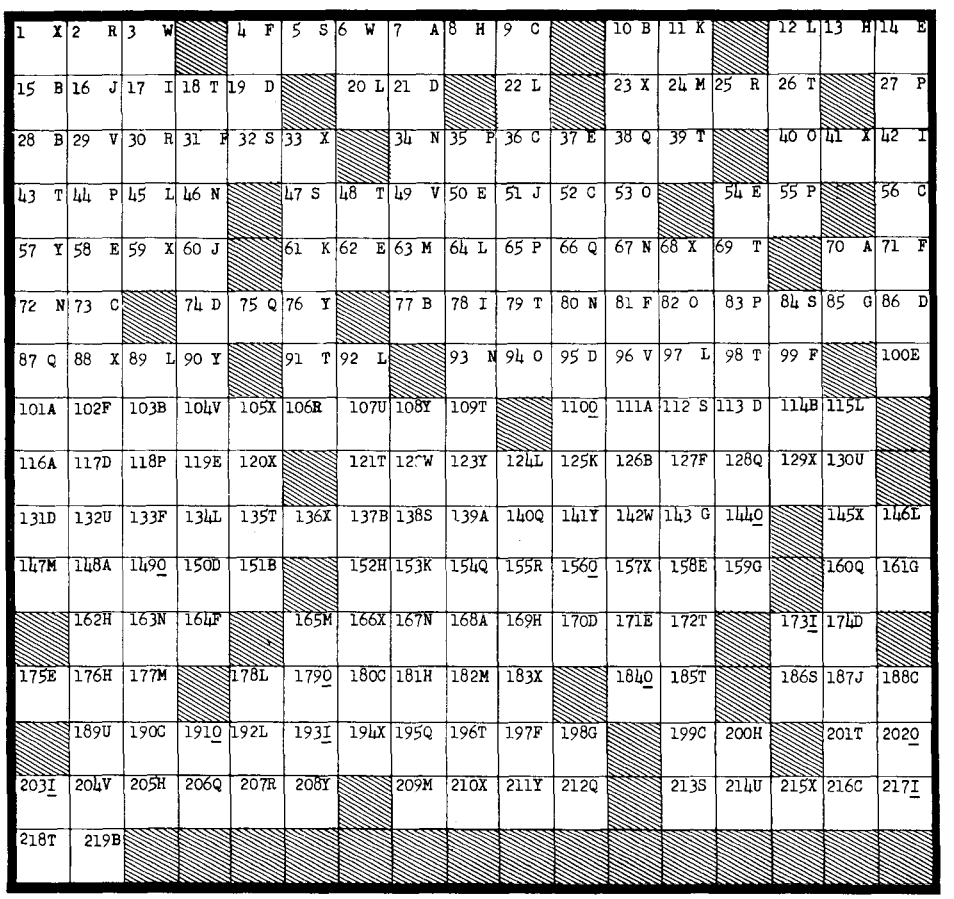
TRANS-O-GRAM

by Svend Petersen

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Quaker poet	70 101 111 116 139 7 148 168
B. Heavenly bodies have _____ measurements	77 151 137 219 10 15 28 103 114 126
C. Fondness for confection (2 wds.)	9 180 188 190 199 216 36 52 56 73
D. Fiscal maneuvering (2 wds.)	113 74 19 117 174 170 21 86 95 131 150
E. Establishment	119 158 171 175 14 100 37 50 54 58 62
F. Pax Britannica is associated with which century?	133 71 81 99 31 102 164 197 127 4
G. After President Johnson, who?	159 85 143 161 198
H. "There was never yet philosopher that could endure the _____ patiently."	162 200 205 8 13 152 169 176 181
I. Both flower and color (pl.)	173 193 203 217 17 78 42
J. Winged victory	187 51 16 60
K. A cardinal number	11 61 153 125
L. Important Congressional committee	22 146 178 45 89 124 64 97 192 12 20 92 115 134
M. Labor boss	24 165 209 63 147 177 182
N. Pertaining to the beautiful	46 34 67 163 167 72 80 93
O. A modern oracle, to be consulted about how best to destroy American interests (2 wds.)	110 179 149 144 156 184 191 40 53 82 94 202
P. Sea urchin	118 27 35 44 55 65 83
Q. Statute that got Hiss off lightly	38 128 195 160 87 206 75 140 154 212 66
R. Epiphyte reindeer find yummy	106 155 207 2 25 30
S. A maximum leader	213 138 84 186 47 32 5 112
T. Home of the Whiz Kids (2 wds.)	69 218 185 196 18 109 172 39 26 43 48 121 135 79 201 98 91
U. Breed of cattle	189 130 107 132 214
V. Second name of a king of England	204 29 96 49 104
W. Town in St. Lawrence County, N.Y.	3 6 122 142
X. Famous painting which combines music & patriotism (several wds.)	59 210 157 120 136 194 215 23 145 105 129 68 41 1 33 183 88 166
Y. Member of an Indian tribe	76 57 141 123 208 211 90 108



DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the WORDS (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out, it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black squares indicating the end of a word); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

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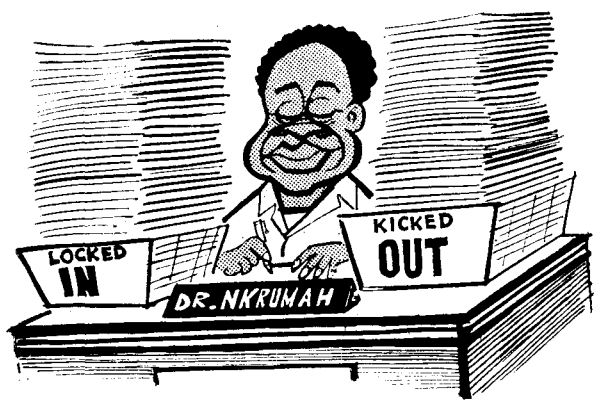
For The Record

Quietly eased out last week, Paul Corbin, chief patronage dispenser of Democratic National Committee. Corbin, pal of Bobby Kennedy's, got the job originally because of his help in stirring up the Wisconsin Catholic vote for JFK by mailing virulently anti-Catholic literature to Catholics in 1960 primary (see NR, Dec. 16, 1961). Corbin reportedly has landed job with Joseph P. Kennedy family enterprises. . . . Resentment brewing among Young Republicans (who noisily favored Barry Goldwater at national convention last July) against former GOP National Chairman Meade Alcorn. Alcorn has suggested "reforms" to clamp down on YRs, who counter by pointing out that they can always go it alone, and raise their own money.



Waite—London Daily Sketch

The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee has, at the insistence of Sen. Dodd, published the closely held UN report on religious persecution in South Vietnam and sent a copy to each of his fellow senators, with the remark that it indicates reports on religious persecutions under Diem were "at best, vastly exaggerated, at the worst, a sordid propaganda fraud." . . . Since Nov. 1, the date of the coup, eight South Vietnamese have burned themselves to death (to a minimum of publicity—where were all those pre-assassination cameramen?) for reasons ranging from old age to loss of parental approval.

Hong Kong Tiger Standard reports that hundreds of blind Chinese are being sent across Chinese border into Macao by Peking because they are "unproductive mouths." . . . Red China, incidentally, in forefront of international lynch-South Africa movement, embarrassed by release of recent figures that show she increased her trade with South Africa threefold in '63. . . . Free China reports its first favorable balance of trade of $128 million in 1963.

An Atomic Energy Commission spokesman has admitted restrictions imposed by nuclear test-ban treaty is one reason U.S. won't be able to dig a second isthmian canal with nuclear explosives for another ten years; that, plus a cutback in appropriations for peaceful development of atomic energy. . . . The active International Christian Youth organization reports it has gathered 250,000 signatures in its petition to Congress for action on an amendment to restore prayer and Bible readings in public schools. . . . House Republican leaders last week endorsed the Becker (Rep. Frank, R., N.Y.) prayer-permitting Amendment, which could well come to a vote this year. . . . Chances for passage of bill for Freedom Academy, the proposed anti-Communist political warfare school, now regarded as better than even. The Academy had been opposed in the past by the late Francis Walter, chairman of HUAC. . . . Cheddi Jagan's drive against his non-Communist political foes in British Guiana centering on Peter D'Aguiar, head of right-wing United Force. For second time in five days D'Aguiar has been ordered to stand trial on what are generally regarded as trumped-up charges.

Charles de Gaulle's brother-in-law, UNR deputy Jacques Vendroux, and his sister (i.e., Mme. de Gaulle) are reported in L'Express to believe that de Gaulle will not run again and will designate his "dauphin" in a "spectacular fashion." . . . Washington columnist and bon mots artist Fletcher Knebel quips that if Babby Baker does write that book he's talking about he should call it: The Hi-Fi and the Mighty.

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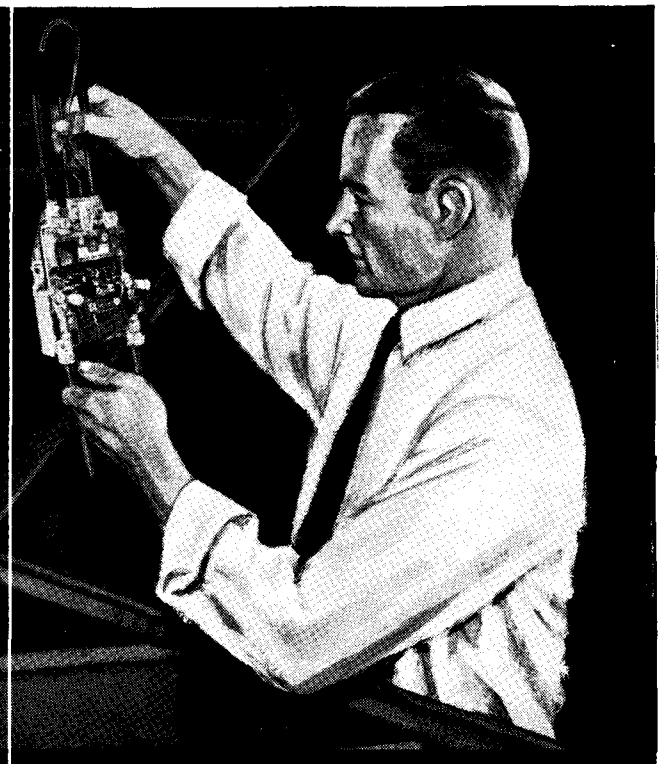
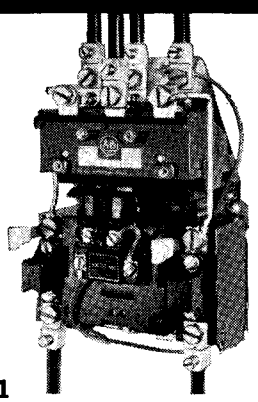
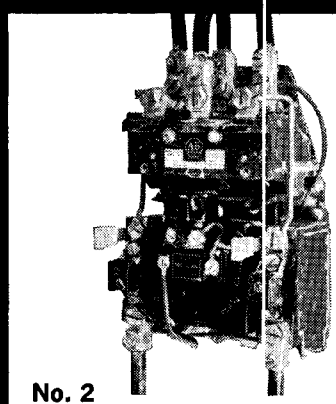
*salt spray test**

it plays an important part in determining the quality of Allen-Bradley Series K starters

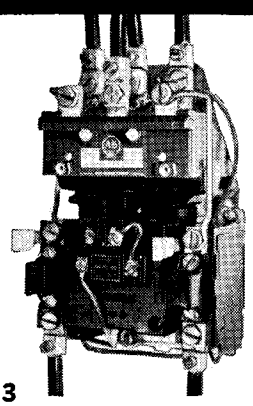




No. 1
BULLETIN 709 Size 2 strictly standard starter taken from the production line for salt spray test. None of these starter photographs have been retouched in any way.



No. 2
The same starter after 100 hours in standard ASTM salt spray test. Thereupon air-dried for 24 hours. Difference in appearance due to salt incrustation.



No. 3
The identical starter after having been dipped in hot water and the salt crystals brushed off with a soft bristle brush. There is virtually no difference in appearance between pictures 3 and 1.

■ If, for this salt spray test, the starter had been protected by its standard NEMA 1 enclosure, there would have been no difference in appearance between pictures No. 1 and No. 2. Nor would there have been any effect from the salt spray on the enclosure itself because of its special triple coating. However, Allen-Bradley continuously checks the bare starter in severe tests, such as the salt spray test, to give you maximum protection from corrosive atmospheres which would otherwise be a menace to the trouble free operation of the control. It is another "plus value" which you obtain at no extra cost when you buy Allen-Bradley control apparatus of any type.

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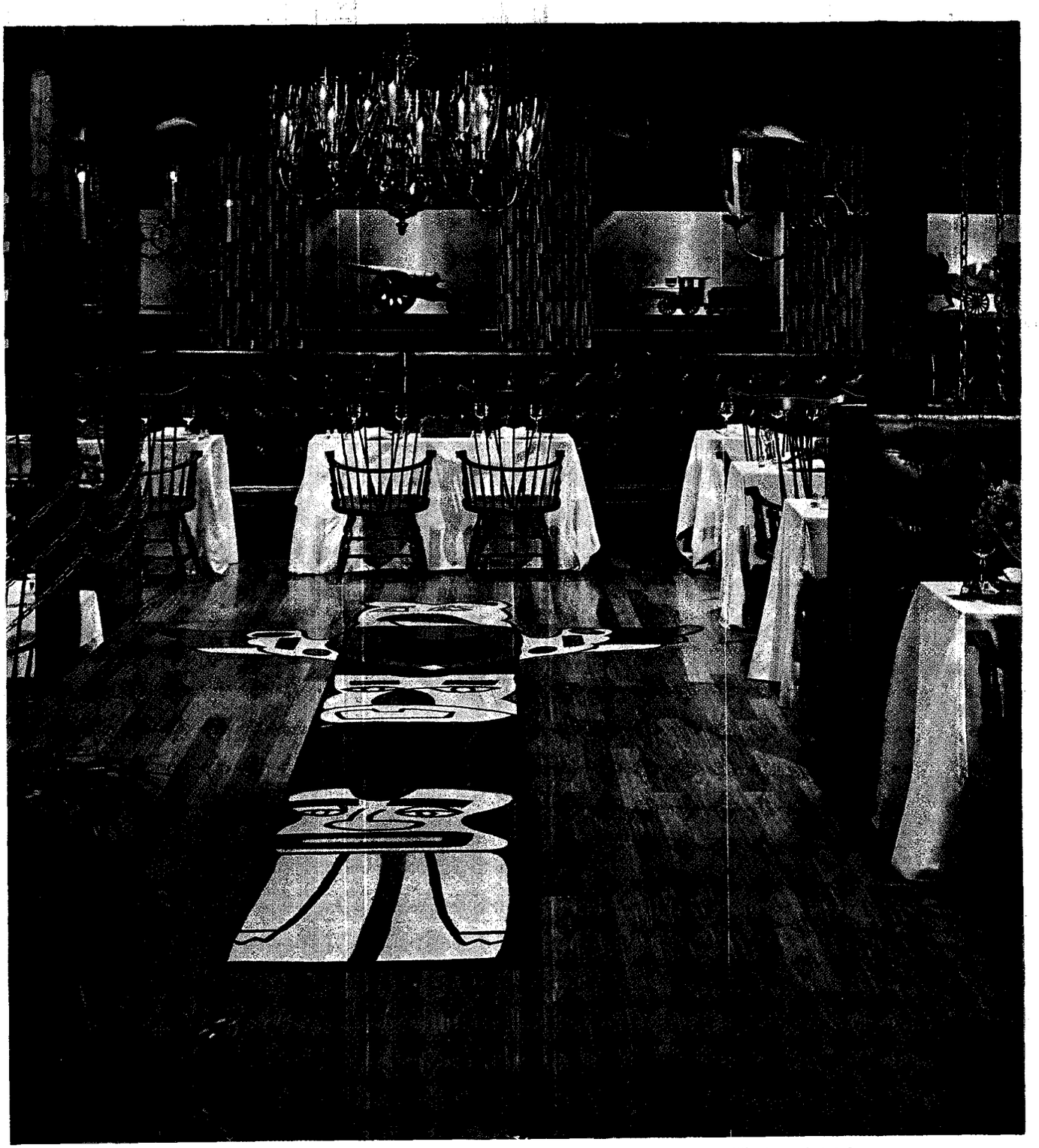

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